National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 3. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866. WHOLE NO. 1,355.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $3.00 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York

☞ ALL LETTERS on Business, or for Publication, should be addressed to the *Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard*, 39 Nassau street, New York.

CLUB RATES.—Ten copies to one address, $2.50 each; twenty copies, $2 each.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

ROBERT J. JOHNSTON, PRINTER,

No. 33 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

THE SITUATION.

BY MARY GREW.

THE members of the American Anti-Slavery Society having celebrated their Thirty-third Anniversary, and addressed themselves to another year's work, naturally take a careful survey of the field of labor which the present condition of the nation presents. It is not the Abolitionist alone who says that this is an hour of peril, a crisis in the nation's life. From their places in the Senate and the House our national legislators are sounding their notes of warning, and bidding the people beware lest their victory in the strife of arms be succeeded by defeat in a contest of diplomacy. In the Presidential chair sits a man whose heart is in sympathy with the rebels whom he is sworn to resist; and who is using his immense power to bring into Congress representatives of eleven States, as disloyal in heart to the United States government to-day, as they were when they fought Grant and Sherman on the battle-field; as loyal to slavery to-day as they were when they seceded from the American Union in order to found a Confederacy of which slavery should be the corner-stone. This incumbent of the Presidency claims to be *the government*, insolently designates the opposition of Congress to his measures, as opposition to *the government*; betrays the party who elected him to power; and violates continually his solemn pledges of protection to the persecuted colored population of the South.

In Congress are three parties, or at least, three elements of power. The Democratic party, which, of course, arrays all its strength against the principle of freedom and human rights, in whatever form the contest may arise; the radical portion of the Republican party, who clearly see and assert that absolute justice to the colored man is necessary to the safety of the republic; and a larger and weaker portion of this party, who are always trying to solve the problems of safe compromise with wrong. Then we have an aroused people in the North, whose minds and hearts have been disciplined by the awful lessons of the war, and who are, probably, so far inclined to justice that they would follow a bold and strong leader in defence of the doctrine of reconstruction on the basis of equal rights for the white and the black man in the rebel States. The momentous questions of the hour are, Will the President be able, with the forces which he can bring to his aid, to execute his purposes? Will he succeed, by the immense power of his official patronage (power which ought not to be placed in the hands of one man) in buying a sufficient number of invertebrate Congressmen to fatally weaken the hands of the stronger and better portion of the Republicans? And will the radical members of Congress, they who stand, to-day, between the republic and its worst enemies, be true to their solemn trusts and loyal to absolute justice, which is highest law? On the answer to these questions hang's the nation's destiny. And as the PEOPLE *decree* they will be answered. That decree must be uttered promptly, clearly, and with stern decision by every true man and woman throughout the land, and resound through the Capitol as the voice of many waters.

In this crisis the duty of Abolitionists is obvious. Pledged to the redemption of the American slave, they have seen, with unutterable joy and thanksgiving, his legal and constitutional chains broken, and now stand by his side demanding and seeking the practical enforcement of the freedom which the highest law of the land has decreed shall be his. Whatever is necessary to complete and secure his personal freedom, that we are pledged, by our earliest vows as Abolitionists, to demand in his behalf; and until it is obtained our labors must not cease. Our work is still, as it has ever been, to inspire the nation with a sense of justice towards the black man, which should work out for him complete freedom. Now, while he stands tremulous with hope and fear, striving to grasp the proffered boon, and on one hand stands a Southern oligarchy determined that the nation's promise to his ear shall be broken to his hope; and on the other a hesitating people, vibrating between their old contempt for the negro, and their newly-awakened perceptions of his manhood and his rights, our duty is to guard those rights with vigilant fidelity, and uncompromisingly to demand that in the reconstruction of the Union, he shall be clothed with a citizen's power to protect his freedom. Speaking in his name, we refuse to be satisfied with an official proclamation of freedom; with liberty to work and to read; with permission to testify in courts; with even the protection the Civil Right's bill affords; and we claim in addition to all these, as needful to the security of the personal freedom of the colored men in our Southern States, the suffrage of a freeman. Not until his personal liberty is hedged about with all the defences necessary to its secure possession is he *really free*, and not till then is the work of the American Anti-Slavery Society done.

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 16, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter of yesterday requesting me to give you, and the readers of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, my views of the attitude of the President, of Congress and of the people toward the negro, has just come to hand. In answer to your request, I need do little more than repeat what I have been saying for the last four months, unless it be to emphasize my expressions of dissatisfaction with the "policy" of our President.

It seems to me, that Mr. Johnson has thrown away the golden opportunity to not only improve essentially the condition of the colored population throughout the late rebellious States, and of their kindred in every part of our Union, but also to ensure to our great Nation a true and permanent peace.

When their impious rebellion was suppressed—when Gen. Lee had surrendered, and Jeff. Davis was taken prisoner, the slaveholding aristocrats and their minions were conscious that they were conquered; and knew as well as we did what they deserved. They would have gratefully accepted *justice* at our hands, though it had been measured to them *strictly*; conscious as they were, that, if the war had issued in their favor, they would have visited us with any amount of *vengeance*. Judging us by themselves, they expected to be treated with severity. They would therefore have been thankful to be let off with some just, appropriate punishment; and would have respected the General government, and the people of the loyal States all the more, if such had been administered to them. It would have impressed upon them our appreciation of the enormity of their crimes. At the same time, our abstinence from all cruelty and unnecessary rigor, would have shown them the difference in the influence of free labor institutions and of their own barbarous slavery.

The lamented Lincoln, in his Proclamation of a general Amnesty, with a wise discrimination, excepted all those men who had held offices of any importance under the rebel government, or in the rebel armies higher than that of Lieut.-Colonel; and all persons worth $20,000 and upwards. It was fair in him to assume, that all such were especially guilty of the rebellion of their States; and that on them should be laid the onus of the punishment, which the government of this Republic was bound to inflict upon them for attempting its overthrow. The lower classes of the people, in the Confederate States, had been deceived and misled, and deserved commisseration rather than punishment. They had suffered enough in the deaths of their loved ones, and in the devastation of their homes. Would to God that President Johnson possessed the spirit of his illustrious predecessor and had, from the first, pursued the policy so plainly indicated by Mr. Lincoln!

As the enslavement of their laboring population was the parent crime that had produced all the distinctive sins of the Southern States, and at last had brought forth the monster—Rebellion, it would have been significant, pertinent and merciful withal, in our government so to order the punishment of the rebels, that it should reach the origin of their iniquity.

When, therefore, Mr. Johnson assumed the authority to pardon them, he ought to have prescribed, as the condition of their pardon, that those, who possessed lands, should give in *fee simple* to each family of their freedmen, five, ten, twenty or forty acres (according to the number in each family), in consideration of the fact, that they and their progenitors had for generations tilled those lands *without compensation*, and enriched them with their sweat, their tears, and their blood. The wealthy slaveholders, who did not possess acres, ought to have been required to pay to their freedmen and women money enough to enable them to obtain homes, and the means of self support

This is the least that should have been exacted from the rebels. And for the sake of pardon, they would have gladly acquiesced in it. The freedmen would then have had something to stand upon when asserting and maintaining their right to fair wages, if they engaged to labor for their former masters, instead of being left, as they are, by Mr. Johnson's "policy" dangling—dependent on the self-interest of their former oppressors.

But more than this should have been demanded for the Freedmen, and might have been obtained, if the President had insisted on it from the first of his dealings with the rebels. Had he required, as a condition of their pardon, that the colored population should be put upon the same political basis with the white, it would have been no more than the rebels expected. If, then, dreading the influence of an utterly ignorant constituency, the late slaveholding States should unite in insisting upon the possession of some amount of political knowledge, as the qualification for the elective franchise, and should consent to require this of all—white as well as colored men—a majority of the non-slaveholding States would soon concur with them in this demand, and thus might be corrected one of the most serious mistakes made by the framers of our civil fabric.

All men, and all women, under a democratic government, should have a right to vote for the makers and the executors of the laws, under which they are to live. But no social or civil right is *unconditional*. No one can have a right to do what he does not know how to do properly, *i.e.*, so as to effect the good he intends. Allowing utterly ignorant persons, white or black, to exercise the elective franchise is putting the ark of the public good, yes, of our political existence, into the hands of those, who knows not how it is to be upheld, or whither it is to be borne. Our grand mistake in this particular has already brought serious damage to our body politic. The reconstruction of our Federal Union, rendered necessary by the secession of so many of its members, afforded us the golden opportunity—the only opportunity indeed that we have ever had, to make essential amendments in the Constitution of our Republic. That opportunity, I fear, our ill advised President has thrown away. The unhappy consequences of his bad "policy" are already appearing in the revival of the haughty spirit of the Southern Aristocracy, and their confident expectation of recovering their ascendency in the administration of our National government, as well as the domestic policy of their own States. Unless Congress shall persistently demand, and shall be sustained by the people of the loyal States in demanding, the disfranchisement of *all the leaders* of the rebellion, and the enfranchisement of the freedmen, whose fidelity to Freedom and the Union may be depended on, it seems to me that the hundreds of thousands of precious lives and the billions of dollars which the war has cost us, will have been expended to little purpose.

I foresee so clearly that the future welfare of our country is to be measured, in the Providence of God, *exactly* by our treatment of his colored children—"the least of our brethren"—that I tremble at every intimation that our government will give the disposal of the ex-slaves back into the hands of the ex-slaveholders. It will be impossible to protect or essentially improve the condition of the Freedmen, if we leave them *homeless, landless, political ciphers*, at the mercy of those who have always oppressed them, and who still think that slavery is the proper estate of colored men. The horrible revelations that have lately been made in the Island of Jamaica show us what is to be expected if we do not place the colored population of the late Confederate States upon the same political basis with the whites.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL J. MAY.

Selections.

WHAT THE COLORED PEOPLE WANT.

REPORT OF AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENS. STEADMAN AND FULLERTON WITH THE LEADING COLORED CITIZENS OF NORFOLK, VA., HELD AT THE COURT-ROOM OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, CORNER FEN CHURCH AND MARSH STS., NORFOLK, VA., ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 22, 1866, at 3½ O'CLOCK.

NEARLY all the seats being filled and the hour having arrived, the audience was addressed by Capt. A. S. Flagg, in charge of First District R. F. and A. L. He stated in a brief and eloquent manner the object of the meeting to be, that Gens. Steadman and Fullerton wish to converse with the colored freemen and get their ideas concerning the wants and necessities of the people relative to the Freedmen's Bureau in the South, and also obtain from them their views as to existing state of affairs here and the best way to adjust the difficulties between the whites and blacks in the States lately in rebellion. Cap. Flagg referred to the idea entertained by some gentlemen that "the agents of the Bureau were mere sticks of wood" and incapable of rendering any assistance to the colored freemen.

At the close of his remarks, he enjoined that the colored people work quietly, orderly and industriously to bring about the desired results.

Gens. Steadman and Fullerton arrived, accompanied by Gen. O. Brown, Capt. C. E. Johnson and others, who took seats on the platform.

Cap. Flagg then introduced Gens. Steadman and Fullerton. The audience receiving them by rising to their feet.

Gen. Steadman stated that his mission was to converse with them as to the general state of feeling between the whites and blacks in this community, and said that he was with them in an official capacity, with Gen. Fullerton as a Commissioner, sent by President Johnson to inquire into the affairs of the Freedmen's Bureau in the South, and to obtain information as to the benefit derived from the Bureau by the people. He said that he could not talk to all of them, but if they would appoint a delegation, that he would talk with them in behalf of the people.

Accordingly, the following gentlemen were chosen said delegation, viz.: Wm. Keiling, J. T. Wilson, J. G. Selden, A. A. Portlock, N. Barbour and James Bryant.

Mr. Keiling—I hope the Freedmen's Bureau will not be abolished until law and order is restored here, and to the whole country; were the government to remove it now, while we are not recognized as men by the whites of the South, it would be leaving us and the white Union men at the mercy of the ignorant and still rampant rebels and enemies of the government.

I claim that it is unsafe to abolish the Bureau until the government declares that we are men, and we have the enjoyment of *all* our rights as American freemen.

It is unsafe to remove the military force until we are put on an equality with *all* other citizens.

I hope the Bureau will be allowed to remain until the laws of the State are modified and remodeled so that we can have justice before the civil courts—so that we can choose our rulers—so that we can have a say as to who shall receive the taxes that we pay to support the State and Municipal governments.

The people of the South must be taught that we *are* men like unto themselves, and that we must be respected as such.

The people of the South must be educated and instructed as to the fundamental principles of our government. We will assist to pay for their education. We have extended to them the right hand of friendship, and they have spurned it with scorn and contempt.

We are quiet and orderly, and are law-abiding citizens; but we wish to be consulted as to the making of the laws that govern us.

We are directly interested in *all* things the same as the white man. We treat the whites as we would have them treat us. We respect them, and they must learn to do likewise. We do not molest the whites, but they are continually interfering with us. In many cases when we work for them they will not pay us for our labor until forced to do so by the law, and if the whites alone have a voice in making the laws, they will not provide for us in those laws. Much prejudice still exists against us by the whites, but *we* do not feel any animosity against them.

We are willing to cast off the past, and unite to harmonize for the future, but they refuse to come up to the standard of right and justice.

If the Bureau is to be removed let us have a good military to supply its place.

But the Bureau, as it stands, *must* be supported, protected and assisted by the military.

To have peace, we must have a republican form of government; then, if we have good officers, we will have justice before the Civil Courts of the State.

It is very doubtful that a white jury can be found here that will do us justice.

I hope and pray that the Bureau may remain and be strengthened, and that peace may be soon restored.

J. T. Wilson—I see no provision made by the Legislature of Virginia by which the blacks, with the white loyalists, are protected from the disloyal whites.

The whites fear the military, and, I believe, judging the future by the past, that they will not give us justice unless forced to do so by the military.

Give the black man a voice in the Government, and we are *all* safe. Make him a responsible citizen—I mean give him the use of the ballot, the exercise of this right as a freeman, the exercise of the same rights as his forefathers had in the formation of the government.

When we vote, we will then, and not *until* then, feel safe; then we will feel that we have come to the age of maturity, and that we are no longer incapable of protecting ourselves.

Gen. Steadman—If the laws of Virginia were duly executed, would you not *then* have justice shown you?

Mr. Wilson—We have not yet seen these laws executed *justly*.

Gen. Steadman—Do not the civil magistrates duly execute these laws?

Mr. Wilson—They have not. The laws of Virginia do not allow us to make contracts for a term longer than two months.

Gen. Steadman—I am not posted as to the laws of Virginia. Are the whites *more* hostile to the blacks than they were some time previous?

Mr. Wilson—They seem to get worse every day, especially since the passage of the Civil Rights bill.

Gen. Steadman—Are there any local causes for this hostility?

Mr. Wilson—I think the cause is the existence of "roughs" in the community.

Gen. Steadman—Were you ever a slave?

Mr. Wilson—No, sir; I was born free.

Gen. Steadman (to Mr. Keiling)—Were you a slave?

Mr. Keiling—I was, and bought myself for $850, and paid my hire of $110 per year. Allow me to say just here that the old white resident lawyers will not *now* act as our counsel before the civil Courts, they tell us that we must *now* get the Yankee lawyers to act for us. They say that the Yankees have freed us, and that we must *now* look to them to plead for us. (Mr. Keiling here cited one or two instances to prove this.)

Gen. Steadman — Give me the names of some of the old white residents who are known to you to be Union men and are your friends.

Mr. Wilson—Francis De Cordy, James H. Hall, P. F. Schliecker, Z. Sykes, Dr. D. W. Todd, John H. Borum, W. R. Jones, and T. L. R. Baker. Mr. Calvin Pepper is not an old resident, but is from New York; he is a Union man, and our friend.

Jos. G. Selden—I am a discharged seaman, and I thank God that I helped to suppress the rebellion. I know, having been an old resident here, that the great mass of the whites are against the blacks, and against the United States government. The colored people are true to the government, are quiet and law-abiding, but there are *many* of them ignorant of the existence of certain laws. The rebellious spirit is now rife against the blacks; they say that had it not been for the blacks they would have whipped the Yankees. The rebel sympathizers and the Copperheads are bitter against both the black man and the Union. The rebels say they hate the negroes because they were once their property. They say that one Southern man is *better* than ten Yankees. One man (a Mr. Marsden) told me the other day that he was "as good as ten Yankees at any time." Marsden was in the rebel army during the war.

Mr. Wilson—Can we render the white loyalist any protection in the position that we are in?

Gen. Steadman—In every way, *except* as a witness. A black man cannot (according to the civil law of Virginia) act as a witness in cases between white men; but where either party is colored, his evidence will be taken.

Mr. Wilson—Then if we were to see a rebel shoot down a loyalist, we could not act as a witness in such a case?

Gen. Steadman—No; you could not.

Mr. Wilson—Suppose the combatants were both colored, could a white man act as a witness?

Gen. Steadman—Yes, according to Virginia law; you can make the white man a witness in your case, there is where you have the advantage of a white man.

A. A. Portlock—I have been in the United States Navy and was honorably discharged after the war; I would like to cite you a case where a rebel is trying to rob my mother-in-law of a piece of property; it is all she owns; the case was brought up before the Virginia Civil Court, Mr. Pepper being counsel; it has been postponed, and I expect the civil authorities are waiting so that the Bureau may be abolished and the military withdrawn, then they will dispossess this poor woman of all she has.

Gen. Steadman—I cannot act as a lawyer, or give advice on these subjects; this is not my mission. I want to be informed of the best way to bring about peace so that it will last. I want to get up all the evidence that I can to proceed on my mission. Do you think that justice will be done the colored people at the Civil Courts if the Bureau is abolished?

Mr. Portlock—I do not; I hope the government will retain the Bureau and give us the protection of the military. When we are recognized as men, then I think it will be time to talk about abolishing the Bureau, and not until then. I want to see peace.

Nicholas Barbour—I think that when men become free, they ought to have a chance to enjoy their freedom. I do not think that when we grow up from childhood and become men, and arrive at manhood that we ought to always remain under the parental roof.

I am a discharged United States seaman; when I enlisted to fight the battles of my country I did not expect when the war was over that I would have to apply to the General government to give me a guard when I wanted to travel from place to place in my own native country; I did not think that it would be needed after the war at any rate.

I mean to say that when the rebellion was crushed, and peace restored to our distracted country, I did not expect it would be necessary to keep guard over my own house, and to be armed to the teeth to *keep* down the rebels; I thought the government was strong enough to enforce her laws, founded on the fundamental principles of the government. I did not expect to be on guard the balance of my days, but the way things have turned up it seems so.

I thought when "the Civil Rights bill" became a law that it would be enforced by the government.

I did not expect to see one law for white men and another for black men. I expected to see all tried in the same Court by the same law.

My idea is to teach *all* men *what* the law is, and then try all alike. Have no distinction on account of race or color. Let the same doctor physic both the white and the black alike. If the white Union man dies in our cause, we are also willing to die with him, and vice versa. If he lives, we want to live also. We have *both* been the common sufferers, let us *both* reap the common benefit.

The Bureau must remain a while longer, but I do not want to be *always* dependent on the government for military aid and interference, that I may live here and enjoy the fruits of my labor.

Put us *all* upon our own resources and give us *all* the same chance.

Had it not been for the blacks the Union white men of the South would have been exterminated long ago.

Gen. Steadman—Do you think justice would be shown you by the State courts if the Bureau were removed?

Mr. Barbour—Keep the Bureau for five years at least, and I think the result will be a good one. All the people, both white and black, will then have a chance during that time, to go to school and find out the way to be happy.

But I am in favor of settling the whole matter right on the spot, by giving to all the exercise of the right of suffrage. The ballot in the hands of 4,000,000 loyal men can do the whole thing, and I think that this is the quickest and cheapest way to settle the question. If this is done and free schools established throughout the length and breadth of the South, God in a short time will do the balance.

James Bryant—I tell you, my dear sir, it is impossible for us to get justice before the State courts. Their prejudice is so strong against us that they lose all their reason, if they ever had any.

Mr. Keiling—If there were a code of laws to govern the Bureau, then we would know better what to do. What laws are we to be governed by?

Gen. Steadman—You have a right to sue and be sued, to testify in the civil courts; the duties of the Bureau must be turned over to the civil courts; had this better be done while the military remain?

Mr. Keiling—I think it best to get the Virginia courts in the habit of doing us justice *now*, while the military are here; *then* it will be much easier for them after the military are withdrawn.

Gen. Steadman—You must test the Virginia courts while the military are here. I think your proposition a very sensible one.

Mr. Wilson—Suppose we do not get a fair trial at the hands of the State courts, will we have a right to make an appeal from them?

Gen. Steadman—Certainly; you can appeal to the United States Courts.

James Nickles (late First Sergeant, Co. I, 1st U. S. C. C.)—We know that we cannot get justice at the State courts; they do not recognize that we have any rights as white men have. We must have a say as to who shall compose the courts, then we can get justice, and not *until* then.

I know that my former master (Geo. Bramble) would shot me down if he could get a chance because I went into the Union army. When I returned from the battle-field I was willing to take his hand, but he scorned me with contempt. At the breaking out of the war, my old master was a cripple; he had his leg broken. I nursed and attended to him faithfully, and I thought he would be glad to see me on my return from the war; so I went to see him, and took hold of his hand and shook it three times, but he failed to return the compliment, so I let him alone ever since. If he needs my assistance at any time, I am ready to do what I can.

Mr. Wilson—Does the government recognize the Virginia courts?

Gen. Steadman—It does. If the action of the State courts is oppressive, application can be made to the United States courts, the same as in cases between white men.

Mr. Wilson—I think if we had the exercise of the right of suffrage, it might *then* be safe to abolish the Bureau, and until we do this, we are unsafe and cannot enjoy our freedom. We are anxious to vote beeause it is *our right* to do so. Our forefathers exercised this right in the dark days of our country, and why cannot we in this enlightened age? We have polled our vote on the battle-field; why cannot we poll it at the ballot-box? If we are allowed the use of the bullet to *suppress* rebellion, why can we not *as intelligently* use the ballot to *keep down* rebellion?

Educate the people of the South; learn them that we have laws, that we have a country and a government, and that the laws of the government must be enforced; then remove the great barrier, inequality, and put us all on the same footing, and we will then all be respected by the whites of the South and by all men. I hope the Bureau may yet remain until this is done. I hope the military will not be removed until this question is settled.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN TENNESSE.

From the New York Tribune.

THE following letter was sent to Gen. Schenck at Washington, and forwarded to us with permission to publish it. We have Gen. Schenck's authority for saying that it is from a perfectly trustworthy and truthful man, who is fully able to substantiate all he says. It is such statements as these that justify the sending a Congressional Committee to Tennessee, to which the *Post*, two days ago, so heedlessly objected. Persecution of the negro now at the South means hatred of Emancipation, and a determination to set the laws of the Union at defiance, just as the negro riots in New York in the Summer of '63 meant aid to the Southern rebellion. Federal troops were used in the one case, and Federal authority must be resorted to in the other to sustain the laws of the United States. The following letter is only additional evidence of that necessity:

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 4, 1866.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have intended writing you ever since I came to Tennessee, but I have been expecting from day to day that the worst would come, and I could tell you all in one letter. I trust the worst *has* come. This city has been, during the last few days, the scene of most inhuman and devilish outrages. A difficulty occurred between a few colored soldiers and the police of the city. It has grown into a most horrible riot. Every colored church and school-house had been burned. Thousands of dollars worth of property has been destroyed, more than forty colored people have been shot in cold blood, women have been burned in their houses, women have been shot down walking the street.

The most fiendish outrages have been committed.

Every man who wore a blue uniform or a black skin was in danger of his life, and he is to-day. I have no doubt there is a secret organization backing up and sustaining this thing.

It has been necessary to send all the lady teachers North to prevent their being murdered. The United States flag is no protection unless encircled by United States bayonets.

Something must be done for this country; loyal men, black and white, must be protected. This country is no more fit to be admitted into the Union than Jeff. Davis is to be President. It behooves the Radical men in Congress to stand by the *right*, and when it becomes necessary, the men who fought the last war are ready to fight another.

I have seen eleven fires blazing at one time; I have seen women shot down; I have seen men murdered, and all this for no other reason and for no other offense than that they were loyal. If there is any power in the government let the loyal men of the land be protected.

One of our officers has been shot down in the streets of Grenada, Miss., for no other reason than that he wore a blue-uniform and was doing duty as an officer of the government. Throughout this whole country such a spirit exists that a man cannot call his life his own and proclaim that he is a Union man. What I say, General, I will back up with incontestible proof, and will furnish the affidavits to establish every assertion.

I hope that this mockery will be ended—sending officers of government into this country to protect the people whom you have set free, without the power to enforce a $500 judgment. All rests with the men who constitute the majority of Congress. Such men as you need no backing up, and to those men who do, I have only to say that they can count on the men who brought the country out of the last rebellion. *They* will stand by them, let come what may.

THE BUREAU COURT.

From the Nashville Press and Times.

A FREEDWOMAN SUES FOR HER INHERITANCE.

THE following very important and interesting suit has just been decided before the Freedmen's Court in this city. The counsel employed were, for the plaintiff, Messrs. B. F. Cook, D. W. Glassie and G. M. Everett; for defendant, Messrs. John L. Garver and Col. G. P. Thurston.

Ella Stevenson agt. James B. Hallums.

This suit is brought by Ella Stevenson, a freedwoman of color, for the recovery of 390 acres of land, a large amount of personal property, and damages for the violation of trusts. The facts as they have appeared in evidence are substantially as follows:

York Freeman, father of the plaintiff, was among the early settlers in this State. He had been a soldier under Gen. Jackson, was a Democrat and an ardent politician (for in the earlier part of his life free negroes were allowed to vote in Tennessee), a fortune-teller, farmer, trader, and an industrious, economical man.

When well up in years, this thrifty soldier took to wife a slave woman named Judy. She was the property of Call McNeil, and was much younger than himself. It does not appear that he ever was married before, and it is certain that Judy was his wife for a long series of years, and that he was devotedly attached to her from the time of their marriage to his decease, some time between 1850 and 1852. She was a sprightly, industrious and economical woman, and no suspicion of infidelity to her husband ever cast the slightest shade upon her character. Soon after their marriage York purchased his wife, and paid for her a valuable consideration.

In the year 1831 he made his will, which is duly recorded in Davidson county (Book 9, page 596), bequeathing to his beloved wife Jude or Judy three several tracts of land, all his stock, tools, household goods, and other property; also bequeathing to her her freedom, which he had not up to that time been able to secure. He never made any other will.

Three years after this will was made, he secured his wife's emancipation according to law, taking her free papers, and giving security in $1,000 that she should never become a charge upon the public. Daniel Buie, the owner of his daughter Ella, went on his bond.

The same year he purchased his wife's sister, Mary, for whom he gave $500.

The evidence shows that at this period and for several years succeeding, York and Judy were exceedingly anxious to purchase their daughter Ella, the plaintiff, but that her owner, Mr. Daniel Buie, was not willing to dispense with her services. Being their friend, however, he promised them that in case he should sell her they should have the first opportunity to buy her. Before the desired purchase was effected Daniel Buie died, and on his death-bed had expressed the wish that Ella might be sold to her parents.

After the decease of Mr. Buie, York and Judy were very anxious about their daughter; but by this time almost insuperable obstacles to emancipation had been raised by the laws. The irrepressible conflict had fevered the public mind of the whole country, and the privileges of free persons of color had been greatly restricted. York had abundant means to buy his daughter and emancipate her; but he could not do this directly and openly without sending her to Liberia or some other distant place. The time came, however, when Ella must be sold, and she was sent to Nashville to be put on the block. Judy was weeping and wringing her hands. Something must be done, and in the extremity the defendant, James B. Hallums, a young man who had been treated with almost parental kindness from his childhood by these old people, and in whom they reposed unbounded confidence, was sent for. He came, obtained the money necessary, proceeded to Nashville, and rescued Ella from the auction-block. Having a sharp eye to his own interests, defendant gave his own note for the woman, to be paid in a year. It is a fact, proved beyond question, that he was furnished with the means to buy the girl, and that he did buy her, as the agent of her parents. He took the bill of sale in his own name, an occurrence not at all unusual in these days. It was necessary for some white man to have the nominal title.

Ella was now really free, though nominally a slave, held in trust by her next friend and trustee, the defendant in this suit. The law says: "An owner may part with his right to his slave, and vest him with an imperfect right to freedom, by deed, by will or by parole contract, or he may convey such slave to a third person, in trust, for the benefit of the slave, and his right to his freedom and his labor takes effect from the time of the surrender of the owner's right, and not from the period the assent of the State is given." (8 Humphreys, Lewis vs. Simonton, page 185.)

Ella was now brought home, and York and Judy were greatly elated. Their daughter's freedom had been secured. True, the State's assent could not be obtained, but as their dear friend, "Jimmy," held her in trust, they felt perfectly secure. Such trusts, to the honor of human natare be it spoken, have seldom been violated.

From the day of her purchase until a few days after the death of her parents, a period of about ten years, Ella Stevenson was regarded by her near neighbors, her parents, and herself, as a free woman. She lived where she chose to live, enjoyed the fruits of her own industry, and a part of the time kept her own house in this city. The defendant visited her occasionally to *borrow* money, for she had much of her father's thrift, but he always paid her. He never, so far as known, collected, during all these years, one dollar of her wages; and, whatever may have been the secret purpose of treachery in his heart, *he never once hinted to her that she was his slave.* So ends the first chapter of this remarkable story.

York Freeman kept a public house on the old road leading from Springfield to Nashville, about midway between the two places, and told fortunes; and he was visited by numer-

ous gentlemen and ladies of the first families, who paid him a dollar each for what he told them, and for the cakes and drinks provided by Aunt Judy. Being a colored man York could not obtain license to sell intoxicating drinks; but the refreshments were generally desired by the parties visiting him, and for a long period no one was found malicious enough to prosecute him. His prosperity, however, together with his ardent political bias, at length made him enemies, and he was visited by these enemies, who called for drink, which was furnished, and although he refused to take pay, the money was thrown into the glasses, and the rascals departed to testify against him before the Grand Jury. One indictment was found against him toward the close of the year 1844, and others were threatened. The first indictment cost him very heavily, and he became greatly alarmed, fearing that his property would be sacrificed and his dear wife and child reduced to beggary.

Fearing arrest and imprisonment, he left his house during the first days of the year 1845, and went to Mr. Smithwick's, a brother-in-law of defendant, some eight or ten miles from home, and remained there for a number of days; and while there he made a deed of gift of all his property in Davidson County—his lands, horses, cows, farming utensils, household furniture, and even his beds—everything which the law might seize—to defendant, reserving a use during his own natural life.

This deed was made, we have said, at Smithwick's, a brother-in-law of defendant. 'Squire Dowlen swears that defendant came to him and told him that York Freeman was at Smithwick's and was going to make him a deed of his property, and that he thought it a "good thing and worth looking after." He also testifies that when he reached Smithwick's, York told him he wanted to make to defendant *a deed of trust;* and that he (Dowlen) told him it was not a deed of trust, but a deed of gift, he wished to make, for said he "you don't owe Hallums, do you?" "O, no, replied the old man, Hallums owes me $100." The explanation, whatever it was, was made satisfactory, and a deed of gift was executed and witnessed by the two brothers-in-law of the defendant and no other persons were present save the four named. York was past three score and ten, a cripple, trembling with age, unable to read or write, unacquainted with law terms, under the influence of fear and away from his wife and home; and he proposed to make a deed of trust, but was *induced* to make a deed of gift.

After this deed was made he returned to his home and pursued the even tenor of his way, buying, selling and purchasing lands until his decease, some six or seven years after. On his death-bed he spoke feelingly of his wife and daughter Ella, both of whom were with him. He pointed out the spot where he wished a house built for Ella, and said that when he was gone, if "Jimmy" (meaning defendant) was honest, there would be plenty left for his wife and daughter. He spoke of the fact that he had given defendant money to buy Ella, and that she was as free as any one. The testimony in relation to these dying declarations of York Freemen is abundant, and has not been impeached. There can be no doubt but that York Freemen died in the fullest conviction that he had secured his daughter's freedom, and had made an abundant provision for his wife and daughter.

After York Freemen died defendant came to visit the family, and as Aunt Judy still regarded him as their best friend and trustee, she counted out, and placed in his hands, for safe keeping, as he himself again acknowledges, $316 in specie. Matters went on as usual; Judy managing affairs, and in a year after, or thereabouts, she died. In her last moments her mother's heart was full of concern for her daughter. And in immediate prospect of death she spoke of her property, and made an uncupative will, bequeathing to her dear daughter, Ella, and to her aged mother, who survived her, all that she possessed, enumerating the cattle and horses, telling of the money she had given to Hallums, and of other sums he held in trust. This will was not reduced to writing, for be it remembered Ella was an unlettered woman, and resided in an uneducated community.

Come we now to the last chapter, the denouement of the dark plot conceived at Smithwick's in the Winter of 1845. Ella's anxious and good mother was hardly cold in her grave until the defendant, James B. Hallums, pounced like an evil bird upon her only child, their heir to her fortune, the one object of her life's concern, and upon all the property left her. He came with teams, drove off the stock, seized all the papers, declared himself owner of everything York Freemen possessed, and reduced Ella to slavery! It is to be doubted whether the annals of jurisprudence furnish a single record of a more dangerous breach of trust.

Ella bore her wrongs bravely, but did not cease to assert her right to her freedom and her property. She worked hard, but would not be contented with her situation, and the betrayer of the trust reposed in him by her father and mother, her robber and plunderer, had the hardihood to swear in the court that he treated her too well—that he "ought to have whipped her!"

But he did worse. When her two sons were little boys he sold her away from them, and did what he could to separate them forever; and she was rescued from a Mississippi trader, not by the Christian gentlemen, whose virtues have been paraded in this court, but by a common sinner and man of the world, a Mr. Young of this city, who believed she was entitled to her freedom, and could not willingly bear to see her sent to the far South. By the kindness of Mr. Young she was kept in this city, and the great revolution released her from her bondage, restored her lost children, and placed her in a condition to institute this suit.

The laws of Congress establishing this court give it jurisdiction of all cases between white and colored persons where the latter are not allowed by the laws of the State to testify. It has concurrent jurisdiction, therefore, in cases of this kind, with the courts of the State.

But is this action barred by the Statute of Limitations? No, not in Tennessee. The Statutes of Limitation of the Code of 1819 prescribed that "imprisonment" is a disability to sue—that the law does not run in such cases, and the Statute has been construed as follows: "A person held in slavery is 'imprisoned' within the meaning of the proviso in the Statute." See Matilda agt. Cranshaw, 4th Yerger, Tennessee Reports, page 299. It was not possible for Ella to sue until released from the imprisonment of slavery. This case, therefore, is not barred by the statute.

The Court adjudges that defendant shall pay damages for the enslavement of Ella Stevenson and her sons	$3,000 00
That he shall pay back the $316 received from Judy with interest	581 44

DAMAGES FOR STOCK TAKEN.

Five horses, $50 each	$250 00
One yoke cattle	75 00
Ten head cattle, $10 each	100 00
Ten hogs, $3 each	30 00

A FREEDMEN'S ITEM.—The Panola (La.) *Star* advertises a runaway negro apprentice with one of those little pictures once so common in southern papers. A correspondent of the same paper complains that he has in his employ "two up-country gentlemen of African descent from Brown county, Ohio," who, in his opinion, are "fit for nothing unless it would be to bait a wolf-trap with," and adds: "But I have no authority from the Bureau to use them in such a way."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866.

THE STANDARD.

BY invitation of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, AARON M. POWELL assumes this week the editorship of THE STANDARD. It will be a welcome announcement to the readers of this journal that WENDELL PHILLIPS is to be for the year a Special Editorial Contributor. Arrangements have been made for additional services from other able, experienced, and thoroughly competent journalists and contributors.

We are able to announce, therefore, that THE STANDARD will not only be continued for another year, but that it will, with increased vigor, uphold and carry forward the standard of truth and justice, by its advocacy of impartial freedom, and of the elevation and equal enfranchisement of the colored race.

We shall make some typographical changes, and surrender to advertisers a limited space. With the continued and active co-operation of our friends in different parts of the country, we hope to extend considerably the circulation of THE STANDARD, and in this critical period of our struggle to enlarge its sphere of influence and usefulness.

CONGRESS SURRENDERS.

THERE is but one vital point in the matter of reconstruction—whether the Negro shall vote. All other questions are unimportant or will easily settle themselves. On this vital point Congress has surrendered. A few Senators may resist the Reconstruction plan, but Congress, as a body, has surrendered.

The President has a purpose. He can hardly be said to have a policy. He strives and plans only for a re-election in 1868. To secure that, he will support or oppose any principle and any measure. To secure that, he would support even negro suffrage. He opposes it only because he believes such opposition the surest way to effect his purpose. The President subordinates everything, his own convictions and the necessities of the country, to the perpetuation of his own power.

Congress does exactly the same thing. To save the Republican party, the leading men in both Houses give the lie to their often and solemnly avowed convictions. They are pledged over and over again to the justice and indispensable necessity of negro suffrage—to the faith that no safe and permanent settlement can be had without it. They feel the necessity of going before the people, the coming Autumn, with some definite plan. The report of the Reconstruction Committee is such a plan, arranged not to save the country, but to save the Republican party. That it is inconsistent with itself, wholly inadequate to its professed purpose, unsafe, unjust to the negro and disgraceful to the nation, very many of its supporters admit. But they hope it may save the party at the ballot-box next Fall. This plan ignores the negro ballot. Congress avows its belief that no party can live before the people unless it throws overboard negro suffrage. If that be true, then is the South, thus far, victorious, and the rebellion is not quelled. If the people have really not yet learned the lesson of the war—that of impartial liberty and equality—then, to a great extent, the lives and treasure lavished so nobly the past five years, have been thrown away.

Of course, the opinion of so many eminent men on a political question like this should have fitting weight. Still, we do not hesitate to express our conviction that Congress is mistaken. In this, as in a far higher matter, "whosoever will save his life, shall lose it." Any party which seeks first its own perpetuation is sure to be defeated. We know this is not the faith of those selfishly ambitious office-holders and seekers who compliment each other with the name of "practical statesmen." But still the fact is so. Our whole history shows it. Especially does the history of Southern parties and politics prove it. The South fights to-day frankly for what she believes a principle. In four cases out of five she has always done so, and always been successful. Her practical statesmanship, attested by almost constant success, consists of frankness, courage, and an idea. Our "practical statesmanship" consists of hypocrisy, fear, and a compromise. Its pathway, like that of a caravan, is marked by the skeletons of mountebank pretenders who died of chagrin.

So far, then, as two great departments of government have declared themselves, we have passed from the era of war, and are launched into the game of politics. Congress rests its hope for the future on that section of its Committee's report which cuts down the representative strength of each lately rebellious State just in proportion as it disfranchises the Negro. The same delusive expedient was resorted to in 1789. Deprive, it was said, the States of two-fifths of their strength in the House of Representatives, and soon their selfish greed for power will eat away the institution. History shows how idle was the expectation. So will it be now for many years. Meanwhile, the plan puts the South on her feet inside the government, able to intrigue her way back to her old supremacy. By adopting this plan, we surrender the rights war gave us to dictate terms, and descend to chaffer and dicker in the arena of ordinary politics. The country was ready to do its whole duty, had the leaders of the Republican party done theirs. Had Congress exercised its undoubted right to disregard the President's usurpations, and called on all the loyal men of the insurgent States to assemble in Convention, form State Constitutions based on impartial liberty, and elect members of Congress, the country would have sustained their action. Had Mr. Johnson dared to interfere, he should and could have been at once impeached. The reason this was not attempted was because the idle idea was entertained that by submission the President could be conciliated and the Republican party saved from a breach. First and last, the idea of *saving the party* has wrecked it, and threatens, so far as it can, to wreck the nation.

Congress, by delay, prevarication, childish confidence in evident and palpable traitors, has committed suicide. On it rests the final responsibility of the failure by the North to consummate its victory. Though it be true that the names of Aaron Burr and James Buchanan grow bright by the side of Wm. H. Seward and Andy Johnson, yet history will record a graver and sterner verdict against these men in Congress who, with the country in their hands and the air full of their brave pledges, have made no one effort to rally the people to the defence of what they have scores of times proclaimed to be a national necessity, and the denial of which they have again and again denounced as national infamy.

We know the people still remain. Betrayed by their leaders, however, little can be expected of them. Except as an index and measure of the Republican party, the Reconstruction Committee's plan is of little importance. There is no chance of its ever receiving such sanction from the States as will give it constitutional validity. It is meant only as the battle-cry for the Fall elections. Considered in that light, its danger is that it lets down the level of national purpose and allows the dominant party to crystallize round a policy which gives easy success to the President's plans. Demoralized by their bid for a settlement, and defeated even on this level, they fall an almost willing prey to the alliance between Copperheads and Secessionists, cemented by the sacrifice of the President who will be ground into invisible powder by their Union.

If the difficulties that beset our pathway could be masked or disguised by political management, we should have little hope. But the effort is vain, and will result only in the total annihilation of the party which attempts it. The war is not ended. No masquerade of party elections can cover up that fact. Every dollar of capital in the country is invested in justice to the Negro. Every capitalist knows it, or will soon discover the fact. We need not cry with Chatham, "Let discord reign forever" rather than such a peace. IT WILL REIGN, spite of all our attempts to make a seeming peace. Hence our hope and our faith. God gives us yet no spot to rest; the waters are out and flooding the world. Our vessel of state can yet, and thus, find no anchorage. Nothing disturbs our faith. To the real though timid statesmen of the Republican party, and to the hucksters of the ward-rooms, and bar-rooms, who style themselves "*practical statesmen*"—yes, and to the South itself, we say, in the eloquent words of Mr. Gladstone:

"You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move on in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you; they are marshalled on our side; and the banner which we now carry, though at some moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the eye of heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and not distant victory."

CONGRESSIONAL AND WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE President's Colorado Veto message was received in the Senate on Wednesday the 15th, and on Thursday it was laid on the table without being read, and ordered to be printed—possibly a slight disrespect to Mr. Johnson.—The House on the 16th passed a bill to prohibit, under severe penalties, the transportation of nitro-glycerine.—On the 17th the President sent back to the Senate the confirmation of Mr. Sloanaker as Internal Revenue Collector for Philadelphia, whose appointment had been ratified by mistake, and who being nominated to succeed Col. Taggart, a brave soldier removed for radicalism, will probably have to wait some time before the Senate accepts him.—The Senate passed the House nitro-glycerine bill.—When the West Point Academy bill came up, an amendment was carried, on motion of Mr. Wilson, prohibiting the appointment of any cadet who has served in the rebel army.—The Connecticut Senatorial election attracted a good deal of attention at Washington during this week, and Mr. Dixon freely boasted that the conspiracy to defeat Gen. Ferry, the Republican nominee, was his work. It was stated also that it had been agreed in the Johnson councils to endeavor to apply to the Republican majorities in the Senates of Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont, the same corrupting influences to effect the election of supporters of the President, which had availed in New Jersey to defeat the Republican candidate. But Mr. Foster, it is said, has since seen the infamy that awaited his complicity in that plot, and has telegraphed home that he withdraws his name from the canvass, and it is supposed Gen. Ferry will be chosen without further opposition.—Mr. Scovel, the New Jersey renegade from the Republican ranks, appears in Washington as the confidant and counsellor of the President in reference to appointments for that State.—In the House, on the 18th, the Senate bill to prevent kidnapping was passed.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner, in presenting a petition for the trial of Davis by court-martial, remarked that the proposed trial at Richmond by a jury would be "one of those great comedies which will hereafter excite the derision of the world"—in which we concur.—On Saturday, the 19th, the Senate was not in session, and the House did nothing but listen to speeches.—On Monday, the 21st, the House passed a resolution for the appointment of a Joint Committee to investigate the Freedmen's Bureau—meaning to indicate its want of confidence in the spy-mission of Gens. Steedman and Fullerton. In the Senate, the Colorado veto was made the special order for next Tuesday, and the debate on the Reconstruction report, which was assigned for the 21st, was postponed till Wednesday on account of Mr. Fessenden's illness.—The President is said to have ordered the arrest and trial of all officers in North Carolina charged with offences by the report of his Inspector-Generals.—In the Senate, on Tuesday the 22d, Mr. Wilson reported another bounty bill, with an argument in favor of the scheme to take $200,000,000 out of the Treasury. Mr. Sherman, as if in hope to compensate for this absurd extravagance, called up his bill to consolidate the public debt and reduce the interest on it to 5 per cent. The measure will meet with strong opposition.—The House passed the Bankrupt bill, 68 to 59; and continued the consideration of the Tax bill, on which it has been engaged during the week in Committee of the Whole.

THEODORE TILTON in the *Independent* of last week in an article on the Anniversaries, speaks thus of the meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society:

"The Anti-Slavery meetings were held at Dr. Cheever's church—well-attended, spirited, and interesting. Wendell Phillips, the President, made several speeches during the week—some of them in his happiest vein. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham's thoughtful remarks on the nature and need of the ballot were a good key-note to the opening meeting of the series. The meetings lacked one of their earlier characteristics—mobs, eggs, and vitriol. But the Abolitionists have taught themselves how to get along without these luxuries. The ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the official organ of the Society—and one of the best newspapers—is to be edited during the coming year by Aaron M. Powell. The last year's editor, Parker Pillsbury, a veteran in the service, has become the General Agent of the Society. We did not find the debates in Congress half as refreshing, spirited, merry, serious, and profound, as the indescribable discussions which took place in the semi-public business meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Long may it live—for we believe it will never be prepared to die!"

Parker Pillsbury has returned to his home in Concord, N. H., his editorial connection with THE STANDARD having terminated. Letters should hereafter be addressed to him accordingly.

PERSONAL.

Gen. Henry S. Lane, U. S. Senator from Indiana, has notified his constituents that he will, because of his years, decline a re-election.

William Lloyd Garrison, we regret to learn, is suffering severely from a fall, which occurred two months since, injuring his right arm and shoulder. They are still so badly affected as to make any use of the pen a painful effort.

The body of Preston King, whose suicide occurred more than six months ago, was found in the Atlantic Docks, in the harbor of New York, last week Monday, identified by his friends, and taken home for burial.

Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, formerly of Boston, had a narrow escape at the time of the recent explosion of nitro-glycerine in San Francisco. He was driving down the hill directly towards the scene, and in another minute would have been in front of the building when the disaster took place.

Mr. John M. Way of Roxbury, Mass., has been lifted into notoriety for a week by an effort to recover $20,000 damages from some of his loyal neighbors for compelling him last year to hoist the stars and stripes over his house. The case was tried in the Supreme Court, and of the sum asked for, the jury awarded Mr. Way all but $19,900.

The Massachusetts Senate on Tuesday elected Gen. Butler to be Major-General of the recently reorganzied State Militia. We presume the House will concur, and that will be the best answer Massachusetts could make to the assaults upon Gen. Butler's character and military capacity which the Copperhead press has never ceased to reiterate.

HON. GERRIT SMITH, in a private letter dated Peterboro, May 16th, says:

"The skies are dark—nay, black. The continued flagrant injustice of our nation will, I fear, necessitate the breaking up of it again. And this breaking up will be more horrid than that we have just gone through."

Mr. Smith, now in his 70th year, is suffering from a sprained wrist, and writes only by the aid of an amanuensis.

Mr. Barnum is credited with a good thing apropos of the Senatorial election in Connecticut. After the vote in the House was announced, says the Bridgeport *Standard*, and seven Union votes had been cast against the caucus nominee, a Copperhead acquaintance went up to Mr. Barnum and said: "Well, we are raking out your party. We have got out seven members to-day." "Yes," responded the great showman, "the same number that were raked out of Mary Magdalene!" The conversation was not pursued.

A biography of Gustave Doré is in preparation in England. It is to be illustrated with photographs or copies of all his finest designs, including some of Philippon's caricatures, executed by Doré when little more than sixteen years of age. The artist himself is to assist the writer with facts concerning his career as a book illustrator and a painter. The illustrations recently designed by him for Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" comprise, it is said, some of Doré's happiest creations. English engravers are already engaged upon them.

Chaplain George O. Glavis, U. S. A., writes to the Secretary of War from Goldsborough, N. C., denying the statements made by Gens. Steedman and Fullerton, and requests that the allegations may be investigated by a proper military court. He also states that at the public reception of these officers, not a single Union man was invited, and that the most bitter rebels, including the editor of the Goldsborough *Daily News*, "a most villanous and calumniating sheet" are their chief advisers, and that from such *ex parte* evidence no Union man can escape conviction.

A correspondent states that Thomas Carlyle, like Thackeray, his friend Lord Ashburton, and others, had, a year or so before the civil war, invested a snug little sum of money in American stocks. When the war broke out, Thackeray and many of the others withdrew their investments; but Carlyle, though repeatedly advised to do so, declined. He even ordered that whatever interest came from what he invested should be put into United States securities. He has since reaped the reward of this confidence, while most of his friends have lost.

Gen. O. S. Ferry was chosen U. S. Senator for Connecticut by the vote of the State Senate concurrently with the House on Wednesday. The Johnson conspiracy to defeat him broke down because public sentiment was too strong to permit any Republican Senator to violate the pledge given in caucus to support the caucus nominee. Gen. Ferry, it is believed, is a Radical of the Radicals, and was the choice of the Hawley Republicans. The "conservative" element in the party has not strength enough to be respectable—as Mr. Dixon will yet find to his cost.

Gov. Holden of North Carolina has addressed a letter to a prominent member of the United States Senate, stating that hundreds of loyal people are daily leaving North Carolina for the Northwest; that unless some protection is speedily afforded them by the government, every man yet remaining in the State will be compelled to leave, he among the number. As Mr. Holden was Johnson's Provisional Governor, and zealously tried to reconstruct his State on the Johnson pattern, his testimony to the total failure of the effort is of value.

In a recent discussion upon the proper place of the negro in our social scale, one writer asks if a trustworthy portrait of the celebrated Gen. Toussaint l'Ouverture can anywhere be seen, and another replies that a company is being formed in London to cultivate the Haytien estates of Toussaint l'Ouverture, and that a full-length portrait of this extraordinary man, now in the possession of the Count de Fleury, and presented to him by Madame l'Ouverture, the widow of the General's eldest son, will ornament the board-room of the "Haytien Coffee and Estates Company," where those interested in the subject may examine it at their leisure.

Mr. Assistant-Secretary of the Navy Fox is going to Europe to show off a monitor. The Navy Department had no vessels to spare for sending American contributions to the great Paris exposition, but finds a spare one to convey its Assistant-Secretary on a pleasure excursion. Beside exhibiting the Miantonomah and himself, Mr. Fox offers the excuse of carrying the Congressional congratulations to the Russian Emperor on his escape from assassination, which can be sent sooner and more safely by mail. His trip will cost the government about $100,000.

The recent attempts to assassinate the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia have been followed by another upon Count Bismark. This last was made by a young man 22 years of age, a step-son of the well-known republican refugee in London, Karl Blind. He fired two shots at Bismark, who, though unarmed, turned and seized his assailant. In the struggle which followed, the assassin fired three more shots, but the Count escaped without a wound, and handed his man over to the police. Whatever may be said of Bismark's politics, his courage and coolness on this occasion were admirable. Young Blind was taken to prison, where he contrived to stab himself nine times in the throat, and died next morning.

The death of Mrs. Carlyle, writes Mr. Conway, has stricken a wide circle with sorrow. She was with those who knew her as marked a character in her way as her husband in his. Humorous, cultivated, witty, kindly, she suggested a chapter on the domestic relations of men of genius in contrast with the many sad ones. When Carlyle heard of his wife's death, he was in Scotland. Friends tried hard to dissuade him from coming to London, as it was known that his wife's body was to be taken for burial to her birth-place, Haddington, not far from Ecclefechan, where Mr. Carlyle was staying. But the old man persisted in taking the long journey both ways, and so came down with Dr. Carlyle, and returned again to Scotland with the corpse. The funeral took place on Thursday. The remains were laid within the choir of the ruined cathedral at Haddington, in the same grave as her father, Dr. Welsh. According to the Quaker-like custom of the Scottish church, there was no ceremony or service over the grave. But Mr. Carlyle, much bowed with suffering, came forward and threw a single handful of dust upon the lowered coffin. There is much apprehension among Mr. Carlyle's friends as to the effect of this blow upon him.

Perry Fitzgerald, in his book just published in London, "Charles Lamb, His Friends, His Haunts, and His Books," thus describes Lamb's personal appearance: "There was the large, but fine head, on the small, spare body, and the two 'immaterial' legs, as Thomas Hood called them, catching 'Elia's' own tone. About his face, apart from its expression, was an ancient quaintness—being full of wiry lines, with a deep earnestness about the brows, a rather hooked nose, and decided mouth. We all know these old-fashioned faces, full of character; but we do not meet so often that touching, half melancholy smile under which his more observing friends saw lingering a sense of old troubles; nor those wonderful eyes, the lamps of the whole face—glittering, turning—*yeux pétillants*—looking, as Mr. Proctor said, as if 'they would pick up pins and needles.'"

The poor peasant who prevented the assassination of the Emperor of Russia, has been laden with wealth and covered with honors. He was made hereditary noble by the Emperor. St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kostroma elected him member of their corporations; two landed proprietors of the latter place gave him immense tracts of lands; a banker of Moscow begged him to accept a large sum to enable him to support his new condition in life; a national subscription has purchased for him a magnificent house in Moscow; the municipality of St. Petersburg by decree have conferred upon him the title of the "First Citizen of St. Petersburg;" and he has been elected honorary member of all the clubs in Russia. Louis Napoleon has conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and he is hereafter to be known as "Kostromsky of Koztroma." On his first appearance at the theatre, he was obliged to appear, accompanied by his wife, on the stage, when he received an ovation which is indescribable.

LETTER FROM FRANCES D. GAGE.

To the Editor of the Standard:

ANNIVERSARY WEEK is over. The bustle and excitement is past; and those of us who once a year, at least, leave the retirement of our country or village homes, to mingle for a day or two in the roar and rattle of that great world, New York, to look into the faces of the leaders of the reform circles of the world (our U. S. world), can now sit down in our easy chairs at home and ask how far have we progressed since we all met last year? Have the waves of revolution gone back or forward? are the surges receding? are the land-marks above high tide, or down upon the billows?

These questions, the thousands who attended the anniversaries of last week are asking themselves, at this time, all over the land; and according to answers given will be their faith and work in the year to come.

It is not my purpose to say aught of the mass of these anniversaries, but to speak of only two, whose sessions I attended throughout—the Anti-Slavery and Woman's Rights meetings.

It was good to be there. In the past years these gatherings met the antagonism of almost the entire American people. We who have been mobbed, who have walked the streets of New York, with curses and vulgarisms following us as we went, only know how far we have really travelled in a decade of years. And yet, though we can hardly look back to the starting point, the miles have been so many and the way so terrible, some of those who have come safely through seem despondent, because we have not reached the goal and found ourselves safely tucked up in bed for the night of rest. Aye, we would have all things at once; and we *should* demand all things, and get what we can. Do not let us scold too hard, if all is not done we could, in the utmost stretch of our philanthropy, imagine to be for the good of the race.

Some speaker on the Anti-Slavery platform said there were but three votes between us and the country's ruin. Oh! ye of little faith! Last year, when peace was supposed to have come, when the Anti-Slavery work was said by some of its founders to be finished, when all parties met in exuberance of joy to clasp hands and thank God for the mighty deliverance from war and slavery, the church of the Puritans was well filled, but there were empty seats; and when the great organization, which has been accused of bringing on the war, parted company; when Abraham and Lot went one to the right and the other to the left, people said, the crazy radical party is broken, we shall never see it gathering again in such force.

The year has gone by; the rainbow hues have faded from before the eyes of many; the high hope has not been realized; Andrew Johnson, the head of the nation, has disappointed his friends. But, what did we really hope one year ago? The boldest only on the Anti-Slavery platform asked for the right of suffrage for the negro.

But did they expect him to be as near to it as they are now, in one year? Did we then hope to see the press and people so ready to grant the boon which ten years since not a man in the land ever dreamed would be realized in this the nineteenth century? Here, now, is the whole country, as it were, clamoring for this thing which only the few dared ask for then. The broken society, without its old tried and beloved leader, calls its forces together, and lo! the church of the Puritans cannot find seats or standing room for those who come to hear and learn, anxiously inquiring—"What shall we do to be saved;" and the great crowd of statesmen, politicians, reformers, the rich, the influential, and the talented, never so identified themselves before with the ultra radicals, nor listened so intently to the demand for universal suffrage, nor so unanimously applauded the utterances for strict justice. Can it be true, then, that there are but three votes between our success and our ruin? Millions of voters stand to-day ready to support the "three," and keep them from falling, to strengthen them and bear them up until the three shall put to flight the thousands that are advancing upon the citadels of freedom. All has not been done that ought to have been done. But we are nearer the great fulfilment of our purpose than one year ago and courageously marching on. Let the people speak and the three votes will swell to fifties. The Civil Rights bill becomes the firm rock upon which suffrage may be builded.

We hoped too much from a people baptized for two hundred years in slavery. Ready for all things ourselves, we judged others by ourselves. "Work" must be our motto; work for justice, truth, and right, each and every one; and next May will find our temple many a foot higher, though the key stone of the grand arch may not even then be safely and surely in its place. On, on with cheerful courage and unfaltering faith until the whole is completed.

If the progress of the anti-slavery work has fallen somewhat behind our hope, that of the Woman's Rights question has far outstripped our most sanguine expectation. When the war-cry was heard in '61, the advance guards in this reform cried, "Halt," and for five years we have stood waiting, while the grand drama of the rebellion was playing. Not as idle spectators, but the busiest, and most unwearied actors on the boards, Unpaid Volunteers. We have, as our manly men assert, fought half the battle and helped to win the victory. Wendell Phillips said: "Women made this war." By the same process of reasoning, women may claim that they made the "Peace," that they broke the chain of the slave and redeemed the land from its most direful curse.

Be this true or otherwise, one fact is patent to every thinking mind—woman to-day is an acknowledged power. And when we met at the church of the Puritans, last week, we found "Woman's Rights" filling its halls and galleries as never before, with a Beecher and a Tilton to defend the cause, but not one sneerer or opposer to open his or her lips.

Who, now, will even dare to call us infidels, since Bishop Simpson, and Henry Ward Beecher, and Dr. Tyng defend our cause, and assert our claim—no, not that, assert it to be our duty to claim the ballot, for the good of humanity?

Who now will dare sneer, while the leading minds of Europe, among them Ruskin, John Stuart, Mill, Mazzini, Victor Hugo, and a host of others, must bear the odium with those, hitherto called "strong-minded women."

It was with pain I heard Wendell Phillips say upon the Woman's Rights Platform that, "Albany can't help you,"—meaning women. If we are given over to fashion, frivolity, and vice, does it follow that rights and privileges, duties and responsibilities will not help us?

If just governments derive their power from the consent of the governed, and taxation without representation is tyranny; then Albany *can* help us, in just so much as a good and just government will help the people that live under its rules and laws. No one at this day would, if a friend to suffrage for the negro, say to him "A vote can't help you." Then why say it of women? * *

This convention of the Woman's Rights Association now takes the broad platform of "Equal Rights," and upon that will work in time to come. And our meeting in New York seemed proof, if proof was wanting, that all we need now is to ask and receive. Our worst enemy is the indifference of woman herself, which indifference is only the legitimate result of long-denied privilege and responsibility, of which she has not learned the necessity.

If, as Mr. Beecher asserted, to vote is a duty, then it is the duty of every man and woman to work to secure that end for every human being of adult years. Since our meeting, the House of Representatives at Washington have passed, by more than three to one, the amendment of the Reconstruction Committee. If the Senate concur, then, to serve the 4,000,000 negroes of the South, or rather to serve a party (the people agreeing), 17,000,000 of women, governed without their own consent, and paying taxes for that government, are proclaimed a disfranchised class in the Constitution of the United States, hitherto unpolluted by any such class legislation.

Let us work for this, too, that seventeen millions of women shall not be left without the power considered so necessary to the negro for his preservation and protection—the power to help to govern themselves. Never forget his claim, but strengthen it by not neglecting our own.

F. D. GAGE.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

THE following welcome letter, from one of the earliest and most devoted friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, reached us too late for insertion last week with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting:

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 8, 1866.

DEAR PHILLIPS: I meant to be at the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society to-day, and to attend the Woman's Rights Convention on Thursday: but everything has conspired to prevent me. Not only a funeral yesterday afternoon, and a marriage to-morrow evening, would prevent my leaving town; but still more, my duties as President of our Board of Education, demand my especial attention throughout this week and next. The new school year commenced yesterday. We have 5,000 children to be provided with rooms and instructors. Important changes, too, have been made in our programme of studies, etc., some urged by myself, and which I am therefore bound to see properly introduced.

I regret my necessary absence from these meetings; for I wish, in every way that I can, to help on the cause of humanity, to establish and maintain the rights of men—of all men, the feminine certainly not less than the masculine portion.

Although slavery has been *legally* abolished in our country, oppression has by no means ceased; and we have much, very much, to do to secure to the colored population of the land the full enjoyment of all their inalienable rights. The course pursued by President Johnson seems to me to have revived the hopes and haughty assumptions of the Southern aristocracy, which, if not repressed by the firm hand of Congress, may ere long involve us in another civil war—which God forbid! Yours, truly,

SAMUEL J. MAY.

LETTER FROM GEORGE W. STACY.

To the Editor of the Standard:

ARE we dreaming, or rather is it not a patent fact that now is the day and hour to finish up the work of man's entire freedom. If we dare in this sublime hour to falter, our wreath will not be a "victor's gem," but will blend in "common dust." Would to God we could say our work is finished—the "year of jubilee has come." No, no, work we must, in season and out, till traitors at the White House, and sycophants every where are routed!

"Instinct is a great matter." Hence how naturally timid men, and poor dependents upon the government crib, turn wishfully to the "old guard." They speak with bated breath, but most devoutly pray that Abolitionists may preserve their bread and butter. Alas, here is the fatal power of Andrew Johnson, and he means to use it. Muzzle—that is the word—the mouths of those who dare to speak against the hand that feeds them. Poor drivelling fellows, we meet such at every turn, who once were loud for equal rights, but now are mutes, without even slate and pencil.

The mission of Abolitionists is still to manufacture a righteous public sentiment, and that too, for Church as well as State. Courage, then, and perseverance we must have. Let not a soul that has put hand to the plow, look back. Conventions and agitation must be had throughout the land. Our banner must still float in the breeze—our STANDARD must not be taken down, till man is man, and no man more. The last issue of the STANDARD was most refreshing. The meeting at New York will not fail to inspire the heart and urge on the feet of every Abolitionist, who "remembers those in bonds as bound with them." And bondage there is, and will be, till the black man holds the ballot in the same hand that held the musket. The skies just now are lowering; the signs are grievous. But God reigns, and the morning light will break, and eye the muttering thunder is wholly silent, there shall come a rainbow of promise, to make the heart leap with joy and gratitude. Fear not, then, brothers, for he only is truly brave, who knows no fear.

G. W. S.

Milford, Mass.

NO COLORED SCHOOLS IN RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 21, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE colored people and their friends, after a labor of ten consecutive years with the State Legislature, and repeatedly foiled in various ways, have at last succeeded in the passage of a law allowing all children, without distinction of color, to attend the schools in the district where they reside. This day the law goes into effect; separate schools for colored children are ended. This last relic of slavery has gone down only to be numbered among the things that are past. But it has been a long, hard-fought battle. Such was the ungodly hate and prejudice against color, to write it all out would make a large book and occupy too much time.

But old Newport, to her honor be it said, through her School Committee, broke down the old relic nine months ago, which left the old custom confined to Providence and Bristol. The City Council of Newport, like wise men, appointed our true friend, Col. Higginson, on their School Committee. Soon after he made Newport his home, a reason, perhaps, why Newport moved in the matter before the State law compelled them to. But, thank God, the work is done. This day will be a happy one for many of the colored children, they will not have to go a mile or more to find the school-house, and pass by half-a-dozen schools as formerly. Shame, shame, that this wrong has been so long continued in any part of New England. Great is the history, great the struggle against prejudice, but the right is sure to prevail over the wrong, only let its friends continue faithfully to persevere, for the great Architect above is on their side; success, therefore, is certain.

ASA FAIRBANKS.

DR. JAMES CATLIN, of Sugar Grove, Warren County, Pa., formerly an anti-slavery lecturer, in a letter to our friend Sallie Holley, says:

"We were very glad to hear from you, and to hear that you are still sowing good seed. Agitation—this is the appointed means of moral growth. 'Let truth and falsehood grapple.' But what changes since I saw you. I thank God, and take courage. But what a penalty have we paid for our wickedness. It is the law of things. As we sow, we *must* reap. Only the harvest ripened—ripened a little sooner than we foresaw.

"Let justice be done; and how are we Abolitionists justified in our day and generation. All men who can see *anything*, see that we were right.

"They come to us, and use our means of cure and healing from necessity, if not from choice and principle. We *had* to free the black man; we *had* to arm the black man; and we shall *have* to give the ballot to the black man. Healing, safety, permanence, peace, indeed national life lie in no other direction. Thank God, we are compelled to be just. 'We march to fate abreast.'"

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, May 21st, 1866.

IT is really refreshing to see what a fine sense of justice appears in the minds of partisan Democrats on the occasional occurrence of some act of injustice against one of their political brethren. What a shock is given to their sensibilities by such an occurrence! How indignant they are at any interference, by one man, with the rights, the sacred rights, the personal rights, of another! How fervent they become in defence of free thought and free speech, how keenly sensible of the rights of humanity, how eloquent in regard to the advantages which *ought* to be secured by living in "a free country!" How shocking it seems to them that, for mere expression of opinion, a man should be seized without legal warrant and by irresponsible persons, hustled, treated with reproach and contumely, threatened with tar-and-feathers, or with ducking in a horse-pond, and compelled, under pain of further violence, to say and do things utterly at variance with his real sentiments! Is he not a man and a brother? Are his *rights* to be openly violated, and violated with impunity?

The demonstrations above referred to have been brought out by the result of a recent trial here. A citizen of Roxbury, known as a sympathizer with the rebellion, and accused of having expressed satisfaction at the assassination of President Lincoln, was visited by a mob of "gentlemen of property and standing" who, by the use of some violence, and threatenings of more, compelled him to nail a flag to the door-post of his house, and to repeat expressions and promises dictated by them, and understood to be the very opposite of his real feelings, as the only means of escaping further outrage. For this offence he lately brought an action against the leaders of the riot, claiming twenty thousand dollars damages. The verdict of the jury, just rendered, awards him one hundred dollars.

The peculiar and significant point in this matter is that the persons and the papers who make the chief complaint of this result, and who complain of it expressly on the ground that it is adapted to encourage an interference of the community with individual rights which are sacred, and ought to be inviolable, are the very persons and papers which have always ignored and scoffed at these rights when claimed by Abolitionists, whether for themselves or for their brethren, the slaves and the free colored people. The outrages committed in the South, for thirty years past, against persons who were, or who were merely accused of being, opposed to slavery, were spoken of by them as a proper and indispensable means of defending "the peculiar institution." They rejoiced in the illegal seizures, floggings, tarrings and featherings, and ridings on a rail which were so freely applied, throughout the domain of slavery, to persons suspected of sympathy for freedom. They applauded the aggressors and ridiculed the victims. How they rejoiced at the dastardly and contemptible assault upon Charles Sumner! How they triumphed at his enforced absence from the Senate chamber! How they sneered at "that vacant chair," which Massachusetts had the good sense to keep vacant until the happy return of its owner! How they roared with laughter over the outrage upon Theodore D. Parker, who, going from Boston to the South in the prosecution of his ordinary business, found himself assaulted by Southern "gentlemen," abused and maltreated, and put in peril of his life until he could satisfy these ruffians that he was not Theodore Parker, the Abolitionist preacher; after which he was dismissed with the recommendation, as long as he remained in the South, to "write that D. damned plain!" And finally, how they rejoiced in the toast, given by some pro-slavery brother, at a fourth-of-July dinner—"Bleeding Kansas! Let her bleed!"

After having been thus jubilant over the fearful outrages, many of them far worse than ordinary murder, to which the people of Kansas, and lovers of liberty through the whole South, were subjected in deference to the demands of slavery, these people are brought to their senses, for a time, by the application of a very moderate measure of illegal violence to one of their own sort. They find that times are changed; and, utterly forgetting the threats they made when they hoped for the re-election of Buchanan, and many times since, that Abolitionists should again be mobbed down in Boston, they now utter grave lamentations about the tyranny of public opinion. And the *Post* says that—"the very soft instructions of the Court [in Mr. Way's case] and the verdict of the Jury, prove that a man's property, liberty, and life have but feeble security in Massachusetts unless his opinions are shaped to please the ruling majority."

The *Post* goes on to declare that "Law in this State is made and administered to gratify party intolerance rather than to secure impartial justice. It is here—in the Old Bay State—that we have mobs to force compliance with their will—to sit in judgment upon the propriety of a citizen's opinion, act, or speech—to adjudge him guilty or innocent—pronounce and inflict punishment, and perpetrate any outrage upon him that prejudice, enmity, or 'the fun of the thing' may prompt. This is bad seed to sow, and those who scatter it may live to reap dragon's teeth."

The *Post*, in its wrath, neglects to suit its tenses to the facts of the case. Bad as this sort of seed is, it *was* sown, long since, by the organs of partisan Democracy; long enough ago for some fruit to have been brought forth in 1835, when a mob, applauded by the *Post*, assailed Mr. Garrison, and plundered his publication office. The same villanous work has been carried on by that paper and its coadjutors ever since; and the injury inflicted on Mr. Way is a very small instalment of dragon's teeth which the sowers of that evil seed have lived to reap.

Rejoicing that so much truth has, by the force of circumstances, been extorted from one of the worst of the apologists for slavery, it is our part to continue the testimony which we have always borne against the use of illegal violence. Such assaults as that made upon Mr. Way, the natural and constantly used instruments of an institution like slavery, should never, *never*, NEVER be used in a good cause. The contagion of long alliance with slaveholding States, however, and the familiarity with their barbarous manners and customs which has resulted from it, have not only brought plantation manners, vulgar language, and unseemly brawls into unchecked use in both chambers of Congress, but the righting of wrongs by illegal violence now easily suggests itself to the other party—to loyalists and Republicans—and this even in Massachusetts. Every good man should set his face like a flint against action of this sort. If some evils seem beyond the reach of law, instead of trying to right one wrong by the perpetration of another, let more care and labor be applied to purify the sources of public opinion. Let reforms proceed through the patient application of truth and reason to the evil, and let unworthy means be left to those who are seeking unworthy ends. And, in the few cases where such unjust violence is actually perpetrated here by people on the right side against those on the wrong, let the award of full damages attest the existence of a moral sense in the community, adverse to such violence.

NORTH.

HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY'S SPEECH.

WE refer our readers who wish for a valuable synopsis of facts relative to Negro suffrage in the United States, to the speech of Hon. William D. Kelley, delivered in the House of Representatives, Jan. 16th, 1865. This speech also contains a great deal of information concerning the history of American slavery; and is, as our readers generally know, an unanswerable argument in favor of Reconstruction on the basis of the equality of white and colored men before the law and at the ballot-box. It is a document which ought to be circulated throughout the country; and it is as appropriate to the needs of the present hour, as it was to the exigencies of the time of its delivery.

Any person wishing for a copy or copies of it, can be supplied gratuitously, by application to Mr. Kelley, or to the "Equal Rights Association," Washington, D. C.

THE GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.—Monday night witnessed one of the most disastrous fires New York has known for many months. The Academy of Music, on the corner of Irving Place and Fourteenth street, the University Medical College, two piano-forte factories, and other buildings, were entirely destroyed. The fire broke out in the Academy about midnight in several parts of the building simultaneously, and was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. The whole loss is estimated at between one and two millions. The Academy cost nearly half a million, and was owned by a corporation of wealthy stockholders, who will immediately rebuild it. Two firemen lost their lives, and the inmates of the building narrowly escaped.

LITERARY.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. June, 1866. Ticknor and Fields.

The appearance of a rival in the field does not seem to put much fresh life into the *Atlantic*, which relies still upon its old list of contributors, and prefers a routine of safe mediocrity to any experimental excursions into new pastures. "Quicksands," which opens the June number, is a well enough told story of the war, by Mrs. Hopkinson, readable, but in a vein that has been well worked. "Last Days of Walter Savage Landor," is the third of a series of articles contributed by Miss Kate M. Field. We suppose, and hope, this closes the series, no one of which ought ever to have been published. If Miss Field does not know, the editor of the *Atlantic* should know, that, in the life of a great man who dies at ninety, some things are sacred from public curiosity and even from the interest of admiring friends. This young lady had the rare good fortune to attract, in his old age, the regard of Landor, and to be admitted to a close friendship and intimacy. She learned much from Landor, but she did not learn how to value the confidence he reposed in her discretion as well as in her fidelity. Could Landor have foreseen what use was to be made of the materials which his trustfulness put in the hands of a giddy girl, it is certain he would have renounced an acquaintance that afforded him consolation for the moment at the cost of holding up to the public gaze the secrets of his failing life and the thoughtless confidence of those last years in which the powers of his mind were gone, and only the wreck of his noble intellect survived. Even here, there are abundant tokens of the great strength of Landor, of his immense intellectual force, and of his lofty character. There is much over which his friends and students would linger with affectionate reverence, if they heard it in private. Paraded as it is in a succession of magazine articles, we believe no true admirer of Landor has perused these recollections without regret for the heedless folly which suffered them to pass into print.

John G. Whittier contributes "The Dead Ship of Harpswell," a poem not unworthy of its author; and there are other poems by Longfellow and Steadman. The continuation-pieces are "Dr. Johns," "Hawthorne," "The Chimney Corner," and "Griffith Gaunt," and we are glad to say this instalment of the last mentioned tale is less offensive than the preceding. Of the book notices, that on Mr. White's "Poetry of the Civil War," criticizes with well-deserved severity a book hastily put together out of such materials as happened to be at hand to forestall the market against any painstaking and honest competitor.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS, for June, by the same publishers, has its usual attractive features, and contains contributions by Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Rose Terry, Trowbridge, and others.

The New York Agency for the magazines and other publications of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields has been removed to No. 63 Bleecker street, a few doors east of Broadway.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A READER.

Mr. Dickens has been reading Dr. Marigold at St. James's Hall in London, to audiences of three thousand people, at an admission fee of from 25 cents to $1.50. A correspondent gives an interesting description of the scene:

"Almost at the moment announced, Mr. Dickens advanced upon the platform. He was in elaborate evening dress, wore gloves, and had a rose upon his left breast. Though he steps with an elastic tread, and all his bearing is vigorous, he is showing signs of years in his face, and in the increasing baldness of his head. As the audience in the reserved seats were not all in their places, he stood behind the little table in silence for nearly five minutes, eagerly looking about the hall, every now and then his face lighting up with a playful smile as he recognized his personal friends before him. This long standing in silence would have been embarrassing to some men, but he made good use of it to survey his audience and be surveyed by them. He twirled in his hand a beautifully bound copy of Dr. Marigold, but did not open it.

"At last, when the house was still, he began, without preface or explanation, reciting the whole of Dr. Marigold which he had written; that is, the first and last chapters. In the play of feature, the telling glances of his eye, in gestures and in attitudes, as well as in the wonderful flexibilty of his voice and the almost ventriloquial variety of his tones, it was an amazing and consummate specimen of acting. His voice had but one deficiency, and that was, power to pervade so large a room. From first to last he had the fullest control over his audience, and brought tears to their eyes and laughter from their lips at his will.

"His sustained vivacity, his ease and force, the fun of his look and manner, the delicacy of his pathos, and the intensity of passionate joy, particularly when Dr. Marigold finds that the child of his dumb ward has a voice, united to make Mr. Dickens's recitation perhaps the most perfect and masterly display of histrionic genius which London has witnessed for many years. This, at least, is the decided verdict of the old playgoers and theatrical critics."

CARLYLE'S EDINBURGH ADDRESS.

Two pamphlet editions of this address have been published in London, one by Messrs. Chapman and Hall which is revised and corrected by Mr. Carlyle; another by J. C. Hotten, including also a memoir, two portraits, anecdotes, criticisms, etc. One of the portraits is from a sketch by Count D'Orsay in 1837, another from a recent likeness, while on the title page is an engraving of Mr. Carlyle's house in Chelsea, near London, where he has lived since 1834. A correspondent of a London paper, writing of the inauguration ceremonies, says of Mr. Carlyle's personal appearance, that no portrait, "unless, perhaps, Woolner's medallion, gives full expression to the resolution that is visible in his face. Besides, they all make him look sadder and older than he appears. Although he be three score and ten, his hair is still abundant and tolerably black, and there is considerable color on his cheeks. Not a man of his age on that platform to-day looked so young, and he had done more work than any ten on it." In Edinburgh Carlyle was offered the degree of LL.D., but he declined the honor, laughing it off, in fact, in a letter, with such excuses as that he had a brother, Dr. Carlyle, an M.D., and known in literature as a translator of Dante, and that if two Dr. Carlyles should appear at the gates of Paradise, mistakes might arise.

Mr. John Russell Bartlett is preparing "A Catalogue of Books and Pamphlets relating to the great Civil War in the United States," and subjects growing out of that event, together with essays from reviews and magazines on the same subject. The work will comprise about 500 pages, and will be published by S. S. Rider and Bro., Providence, and Draper and Halliday, Boston. Only 310 copies will be printed, of which 50 will be in cap 4to, and the rest in royal 8vo.

A remarkable sale of autographs took place in London a short time ago, the collection consisting mainly of Exchequer Papers which had been sold by order of the Treasury a few years since as waste paper, and purchased by a fishmonger of Hungerford market, at £4 per ton. A letter from Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, Mistress of King Charles II., sold for £4 12s.; Autograph of Oliver Cromwell, Protector of England, Sig. Oliver P., £3; Autograph of Henry Cromwell, son of the Protector, £2; Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., Signature to a Warrant, £1 12s.; Col. John Hutchinson, Parliamentary General, Letter to Lord Fairfax, £1 15s.; Letter of George Joyce, Colonel in the Republican Army, who seized King Charles I. at Holdenby House, £3 15s.; Eleanor Gwynn, Signature to a receipt for £250 in part of an Order for £500, toward the support of herself and Charles Earl of Burford (natural son of King Charles II.,) £4 5s.; Mary I. Queen of England, Signature to a Grant, £4; Autograph of John Pym, £2 17s. 6d.; Autograph of Prince Rupert, £3 10s.; Signature of John Selden, £3; Autograph of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, £2 3s.

Ernest Rénan's *Les Apôtres* is exciting much less attention in France than his *Vie de Jésus*, and the publishers are said to be disappointed in the sale. A new edition of the *Vie de Jésus* will shortly appear with considerable alterations. M. Rénan details in an appendix his reasons for regarding the fourth gospel as authentic—a conclusion in which, as our readers know, he is not joined by most rationalists. Mr. Carleton of this city will soon publish a translation of *Les Apôtres*.

The *Edinburgh Review* mentions that the whole of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" has been translated into Latin elegiac verse, in a manner which the reviewer considers worthy of public notice. The work has been printed for private circulation only, and the laureate has not consented to sanction its publication, "because he appears to have conceived that the translations would interfere with his own copyright."

Count Gurowski has left an immense mass of manuscripts, from which a collection will probably be made and published in the interest of his surviving daughter.

"George Eliot," the author of "Adam Bede," has just finished a new novel, which will shortly be published by the Messrs. Blackwood. The title is to be "Felix Holt the Radical," and the time, the stormy period of the first Reform Bill.

The London *Spectator*, in a criticism of Macaulay, gives a new and curious instance of the fidelity of his literary workmanship. In the "Essay on Warren Hastings" occurs the remark that nurses in Bengal still sing children to sleep with a jingling ballad about Warren Hostain, his elephants and his steeds. A writer then in Bengal, who believed this to be merely one of Macaulay's pictorial statements, Macaulay not knowing a word of Bengalee, made inquiries among the villagers, discovered that the ballad was actually in existence, that it was sung to children, and that it jingled with double rhymes in a way which the true Bengalee ballad, which is nearly in the metre of Macaulay's own "Virginius," but slower, does not do.

ADDRESS OF MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

[The following Address was delivered before the Eleventh National Woman's Rights Convention at the Church of the Puritans, New York, on Thursday, May 10th.]

"THE battles of the past," says Mazzini, "have been fought for rights, and on this selfish principle progress ever has been and must be slow; but when the most fortunate shall pause, to think of their duties to the multitude below them sunk in ignorance, poverty and vice, then will a divine power inspire those who would move the world." Christianity and philosophy alike teach that in search of duties rather than rights we soonest reach the perfect stature of men and women. If, then, we follow the beautiful life given us for example, we would invert the order of duties now pressed on us by custom and a narrow selfishness, and, in considering the interests of humanity, country, family and self, in their relative importance, end where we now begin. Instead of demanding the rights of our self-hood, we would make the broader claim for that education and position that shall best fit us to do our duty to the race. Instead of the satisfaction we now feel when all is well in the home, we would let our sympathies go forth into the outer world; we would peer into the garrets and cellars of this metropolis, into the dens of vice and folly, into the jails, prisons and asylums; for a wise selfishness would teach us there are duties there. For, however beautiful our homes may be, however pure the atmosphere, however carefully guarded our sons and daughters now are by our example, advice and prayers, they must soon be transplanted to the world without — our fairest daughters, perchance, to earn their daily bread, and in the marts of trade, from hard, grinding men, sue for work and wages. Who shall tell the mother she has no interest in plucking the thorns from paths where their young feet so soon may tread? Is it nothing to the gardener where his rare plants shall grow—whether bathed in sunshine and dew or bleached in dampness and shade? Have mothers no interest in the drinking and gambling saloons so brilliantly lighted on every corner of our streets, or in the ten thousand places of amusement that may attract their sons and daughters! The outer world, as well as the home, needs woman to look after the order and beauty of its arrangements—the wealth, industry, education and legislation of the country; and when she holds the ballot and has a direct voice in government, her interest will be quickened in every department of life. With the power, the education, the self-respect, the dignity that the ballot gives, woman would soon explore a new world and make her sphere as boundless as her wants. In demanding, as we do to-day, the right of suffrage, it is not so much that we ourselves may enjoy the honors and privileges of enfranchised citizens, but that the humblest of our sex may secure bread and wages and a virtuous place on the earth. Shall Senators in their places tell us we have no need of the ballot, when 40,000 women in this city are living at starving prices by the needle? And below these, in lower depths, are a mighty multitude, over whose misery and crimes society draws the veil of forgetfulness, and before that inexplicable problem stands hardened or appalled. Here are thousands without self-respect, fear, hope or love, who sit in darkness and gloom, in these houses of disease and despair, waiting for the angel of death or some good spirits on earth to galvanize them into life again. For such as these what can be done? Outside the pale of respectability, with every honorable place of employment closed against them, life an irretrievable blank, shall we all calmly fold our arms and, like the Pharisees of old, thank God that we are not of them and leave them to their fate? No, no! It is your duty and mine, and our interest, too, to open new avenues for work and wages to this class of women; for they are sapping the very foundation of national virtue and strength. We may neglect them, but their sins will be avenged on us and our children to the third and fourth generation. With the ballot, we would organize from this class a standing army for the nation—an army not to destroy life, but to save it. I would have man and woman associated together on equal wages as Inspectors of Streets, Prisons and Metropolitan Police, commissioned, uniformed and paid by the State, to guard the youth of the nation. With a star on her brow and a sceptre in her hand, would not woman patrol our streets at the midnight hour with a holier mission than she now does, a dependent on the will and bounty of another? "Give a man a right over my subsistence, and he has a right over my whole moral being." Yes, I would have organized companies of women to abate drunkenness, gambling, licentiousness; to watch and warn the young, the weak, the ignorant; to counsel and comfort the criminal and the unfortunate; to look after the order and cleanliness of our tenement houses, streets and prisons; and thus make the mother, the wife, the sister, the daughter, the omnipresent, rightful power over this moral realm of life; no longer slave where she should be ruler, subject where she should be queen. This is no Utopia, but a vision to be soon realized. They who have seen life in its worst phases know its needs and temptations; and none so mighty to save as they who have tasted the bitterness of death. Says Victor Hugo, as the debris of sewers have been found to possess those chemical qualities that can alone restore the worn-out lands in the Old World, so from the very dregs of society, through poverty and suffering, shall come the grandest virtues of self-sacrifice and heroism that can alone redeem the race. Yes, while man defends us from a foreign foe, let woman save us from ourselves. Give me the 15,000,000 votes of the women of this country, and it would be no Herculean task to cleanse these Stygian pools of vice and crime and ignorance from their lowest depths, and from this multitude of fallen angels organize an army to war on the very vices that dragged them to perdition down. The customs of a darker age have already placed woman by the side of man in all his amusements, vices and crimes, oft dragging him to the lowest depths of degradation. In the full blaze of civilization, let us then demand that she be with him in his highest moments, in all his honorable employments. In the narrow sphere assigned her under a dynasty of force, she perishes alike for bread and thought, for love and power.

You all felt the potent influence of woman in the late war, and is not peace an endless war of selfish competition, of weakness with strength, of vice with virtue, of folly with wisdom. What woman did for sick and dying soldiers in our hospitals and on the battle-field, she may do for the weak and erring in our haunts of depravity. Shall they who lounge on velvet couches, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, tell us they do not care to vote; they have all the rights they want? Oh! cribbed and narrow slaves of luxury and selfishness, the circumference of whose world takes in none but themselves. Suppose "you have all the rights you want," look over your garden wall, where all is peace, beauty and fragrance, into the wilderness beyond, where immortal flowers are fading fast, and no gentle hands or loving hearts are there to raise their drooping heads or speak of bliss to come. Suppose "you have all the rights you want," do you owe no duties to the sad, the fallen, the outraged of your sex? Oh! if rights were transferable, and I could have the votes of all who are too selfish or apathetic to ask for them or use them, I would gladly vote all day to secure to every woman work and wages and education—to stem the fearful tide of vice that threatens our very existence as a nation. What to me the coarse and brutal crowd that might surround the polls? What if my robes were soiled, my feet in slippery places, my ears heavy with the oaths of men, my eyes pained with scenes of violence and fraud, if by crucifixion such as this, one day in the year, I could save 10,000 women from more hellish sights and sounds, their lives all through from stains that water cannot wash away; are not these blessings cheaply bought by sacrifice so light? As Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego walked through the fiery furnace unscathed, and Daniel through the Hons' den unharmed, so shall those whose lives are a link in the chain of progress that binds the future to the past, walk securely through the hells to heaven; for love and mercy are omnipotent.

Civilization boasts that it has done so much for woman in taking her out of the field and enthroning her in the house. That might be a blessing if every woman had a house and could earn good wages there, and preferred it to the garden, the green fields or the highway. But multitudes know not where to lay their heads. The question I propose to you is not what advantage you and I, who have friends, education and position, shall secure for ourselves; but what shall we do for those who are perishing for work and wages. I say stop all this talk about woman's sphere, and place in her hand the ballot, which is the key to all the profitable employments, to education, to civil and political rights, to virtue and independence. It needs no legislation or pulpit eloquence to keep the fish in the sea, the birds in the air, the smallest star in its prescribed orbit, nor woman where God designed she should be. Have no fears, O! ye of little faith; for everything in the universe of God is held in its sphere by an immutable law which none can resist. Hence I have no fears in asking that all barriers be thrown down, that laws and customs be set aside, that, in unbounded freedom, we may find out woman's true sphere. History tells us of many a brave man, equal to any emergency by land and sea, as soldier, sailor, hero or saint, who has proved at last to be but woman in disguise. I see no reason why women should not more generally be clerks in stores and printing offices and steamers, conductors on our cars and railroads, drivers of carriages and stages. If fine ladies can drive two horses in Fifth avenue and the Park, with a man on the back seat for ornament, why may not the less fortunate earn $2 a day as drivers of cars and stages? I have no doubt they would be more careful than men of accidents, and far more humane to their horses; and we should have less swearing and quarrelling in our streets, and the courtesies of life everywhere better observed. Rough as such a life might seem to us who have not suffered its hardships, it would be a grand step from idleness, poverty and vice to health, virtue and independence. Better far to work for honest wages on the highway than to starve in a garret, or sell one's self for bread in a palace. What a change there would be in all those dirty streets and dingy offices down town if women were partners in business—merchants, bankers, lawyers, editors, or in the 10,000 offices, mere sinecures under government. If Gov. Andrew could send 700 women to civilize the men of Oregon, would it not be equally wise for Gov. Fenton to send missionaries to the lower part of this city? It is evident there is some new power needed to enforce order, beauty and cleanliness in every department of that busy life. I never go in to any of those editorial sanctums without feeling what a desecration it is that such men as William Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley and Theodore Tilton, men who hold in their hands the destiny of nations, should forge their thunderbolts in such gloomy dens. Those who have thought and written most wisely on education, demand that the sexes be trained together. We ask for the ballot as the key to all our Colleges of Law, Medicine, Science and Theology. Women of property have been taxed to build all these Institutions, and I ask you is it manly now to close them to the daughters of the State? In a recent conversation I asked Professor Webster, of the Free Academy, why there were no girls in that Institution. He said there was nothing to prevent either a girl or a black boy from being admitted there. So, I trust, we shall soon see a class of girls from Twelfth street school, able to pass the necessary examination, to enter those privileged walls. I also asked Professor Dwight, of the Law School, why he did not advertise for a class of girls. He asked me in return, if I thought girls had brains enough to study law! The Professor must have been taking a Rip Van Winkle nap—not to know that women have been revising the statute laws for the last twenty years, and that every suggestion they have made has been adopted. When the legislators of the Empire State have by their action admitted that women were better judges of law than Coke, Blackstone, Story and Kent, it is too late for a professor to ask if girls have brains enough to study law. We claim that woman should be admitted into all our law schools, that she may look after her own property, and plead for her own sex in courts of justice. She should be advocate, judge, juror, as well as criminal. Shall she be amenable to law, imprisoned, hung on the gallows, while she has never consented to the law by which she is judged, and is denied the right of trial by a jury of her own peers?

In the church, too, woman has a place and power. Bishop Simpson, in a recent speech in this city, demands the right of suffrage for woman on the highest religious grounds. He says:

He was struck with the great fact, in contemplating the mission of Methodism, that it was the first religious denomination in modern times which called upon the whole body of the people to marshal themselves in the great work of winning souls to God. Methodism, too, invited woman to take her place in the Church of God and take part in public worship. This thought was amplified, and allusion made to the influence which Mrs. Wesley had in molding the mind of her sons. He (the Bishop) believed that the great vices in our large cities would never be conquered until the ballot was put in the hands of women. "And, sir, it is not because I want them to have any part in the struggle of politics that would give us two votes instead of one; but there are questions which rise above politics. If the question of the danger of their sons being drawn away into those saloons was brought up, if the mothers had the power they would close them; if sisters had the power, and they saw their brothers going away to these taverns and haunts of infamy, they would close those places. You may get men to trifle with purity, with virtue and with righteousness; but I thank God that the hearts of the women of our land—the mothers, wives and daughters—are too pure to make a compromise either with intemperance or licentiousness. (Applause.) The women were not inactive when the national existence was threatened; but, like the mother in the Revolution, Quaker as she was: 'Anthony, if thee must go, be sure thee never comes home with a wound in thee back.' The ladies of the country supported and mainly carried on the Sanitary and Christian Commissions."

Where do you find a nobler type of womanhood than in the Quaker Church, where woman is recognized as spiritual teacher, equal with man? Had woman a voice in the State, the atmosphere even of Washington might be purified and exalted, both at the Capitol and the White House. It is not good for man to be alone was said in the beginning, and the experience of centuries has proved the fatal consequences of this unnatural divorce. The world needs woman, and woman needs the world to feed her thoughts. The common idea is that the church, the state and the home should be three distinct spheres of life, governed by different orders of mind, wisely to be kept separate and uninfluenced by each other. The most vigorous and ambitious minds, it is said, take to themselves the realm of state. They control the destiny of nations, all that relates to commerce, political economy and jurisprudence. This class, it is thought, should be thoroughly worldly, divorced from God and spiritual things, for religion, they say, makes men visionary and impracticable in politics, finance and trade. Hence, in the councils of the Nation a chaplain is paid to pray "Thy kingdom come," while Congressmen vote down all steps in that direction. A good heart is very well for women, or for men, when in church or about to die, but a sound head is the one thing needful in affairs of State. The higher law, liberty, equality, are good themes for sermons and orations, but in Congressional debates ask nothing more than party possibilities and common sense, such as govern men in the market place, Wall street, or the Exchange. As to churchmen, their legitimate sphere is to set forth the glories and terrors of the next life, to treat of doctrines, speculations, and abstractions, leaving all questions of time and sense to those less holy than themselves. In apostolic hands the ballot even was once considered a desecration. Hence, when a Tyng, a Beecher, or a Cheever, who were men before they were priests, express their opinion on great national questions, criticize the policy of our rulers, or urge men to carry their religion into politics, the secular press raps them on the head, and bids them go prepare sinners for Heaven, as if politicians were not sinners and justice the opening wedge to heaven. As to the home, its sovereigns occupy a singularly anomalous position, in an ideal world of purity, innocence and exaltation, above man and the work of life—objects simply for admiration, worship, or love—while by law, custom, and the facts of life, they are everywhere denied equality, even, with man; as citizens, taxed, but not represented; as Christians, subject to church discipline, but have no voice in its government. They may be devout worshippers in the temple, but must not obey the movings of the spirit to pray, prophesy and teach. The fatal consequences in thus divorcing the state, the church and the home are these: The leaders in state accept the dogmas of the popular religion, and give no thought or influence toward a purer theology. Hence the best orders of mind, those accustomed to the examination of evidence and the facts of science, do little toward dispelling the traditional superstitions of their age. On the other hand, our rulers in church ignore grave questions of national life and sustain the popular government, whatever it may be, whether despotism, monarchy, or a slaveholding republic, and are specially careful never to rebuke the sins of their own day and generation. While the sovereigns of the home accept both state and church as alike ordained of God, perfect and immutable as the solar system, and blindly resist all progress in either. Thus we give each of these classes a one-sided education, a false code of morals, and a narrow range of thought and action, unfitting all alike for the great work of life, for one cannot do the duties in either department unless he understands the demands of all; as in individual life, the laws of spirit, mind and matter must be all observed to secure the perfection of either, so in the state the church and the family which are but associated expressions of individual growth subject to the same laws of life, to meet the responsibilities of either, we must have a knowledge of all. Hence we claim for the welfare of the nation that its women have a broader, deeper, more scientific education, that in a knowledge of the history of church, and state, and the family, and their steady progress to greater freedom, liberality and purity, she may understand the law, by which still higher excellence may be attained, and thus learn that she too holds a place and power in the grand march of civilization. Woman in her best worldly condition constitutes the worst form of aristocracy in any country. Through the influence of blind sentiments and passions, she holds an ideal position, a lofty isolation, where she proudly intrenches herself, and with false views of her rights and duties, makes society exclusive, religion bigoted, and government aristocratic. With the exception of the few who devote themselves to art, science, literature and benevolence, this class give their whole thought to frivolous externals, dreamy speculation or a self-culture that has no practical outworkings, but is viewed simply as an added personal power to attract and rule all who come within their sphere. Woman loves power, and weilds it at this hour with terrible influence against the very idea that our young nation has already twice baptized in blood. That class have no faith in the dignity of labor, nor respect for those who represent its success. They are opposed to the genius of republican institutions, a government of equality, and a religion of sacrifice. Nor is this type of womanhood all below Mason and Dixon's line, for in the North we often hear educated women exalting the society and government of Great Britain above our own. They declare republicanism a failure, and deplore the independence of our laboring classes, and sigh for the homage of a king and court. At the South the principle of caste and class has been taught persistently in parlor, pulpit and press. At the North, lived and glorified, while no class of people have been so reverently courted as the rich and powerful slaveholders, who represent the idea. Wherever we turn we see the State divided and distracted, the church cold and barren, the home sad and discordant, and life nowhere what it should be—cheerful and harmonious. But with the realization of this fact comes a new order of philosophers, who tell us this condition of things need not always be—that there is a fixed science of life by which peace and happiness may be secured to man. With such minds as Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Garth Wilkinson, Victor Hugo, Ruskin and Mazzini, all writing up the dignity of man and republican institutions, showing us how order and beauty may come out of this confusion, and all alike pointing to woman, shall not woman herself put on new virtue, dignity and courage to meet the responsibilities the best minds of the age now press on her conscience? In blotting out one-half the race from all direct influence in the practical uses of life, in divorcing man and woman as now, both the nation and the family are left in a state of half orphanage; in the outer world stern justice, untempered by mercy, makes victims of the weak and ignorant; in the family sweet mercy without justice makes tyrants of the young who should be subjects. Yes, the family needs a father's thought and wisdom, and the nation needs a mother's love and care. As there is just that physical difference in man and woman necessary to the preservation of the race, so there is just that spiritual difference necessary to the vitalizing of thought. Hence, in the education and elevation of woman I see the growth and full development of the grand ideas enunciated by man in the ages, hitherto, cold, barren and speculative, because not met by the faith, hope and enthusiasm of a true womanhood. But when she awakes to the poetry of real life and sees the beauty of science, philosophy and government, then will the first note of harmony be struck, then will the great organ of humanity be played on all its keys with every stop rightly adjusted, and with louder, loftier strains, the march of civilization will be immeasurably quickened. We are on the threshold of a new era, when moral ideas are to govern nations, and we wait but for the true men and women who believe it possible to realize a pure religion, a just government, and a true social life on the earth. I see the dawn of the coming day of "equal rights to all" as clearly as I ever saw the sunlight on the eastern hills, and I see that woman's hour has come.

When the builders of this republic shall realize that an essential element in government is wanting, and shall accept woman as co-worker, then shall the Temple of Liberty rise in beautiful proportions and shed a new light over the Western Continent.

GEN. BUTLER ON RECONSTRUCTION.

GEN. B. F. BUTLER delivered the closing lecture of the Fraternity course in Boston, on Friday evening last, before a large and sympathetic audience. His subject was "Reconstruction," and he took occasion to express his dissatisfaction alike with the policy of the President and that of the Congressional Committee of Fifteen. We copy a few of the pithiest of his sentences:

"The principles that should govern our nation are justice to all men, equality of right, equality of protection, and equality of power under the government. Those who would hinder the operation of these principles must be put aside. If theories hinder, they will fail; if laws obstruct, they must be altered; if the provisions of the Constitution forbid they shall be amended. (Applause.) ..... The propositions embraced in the plan before Congress seem on the face well enough; but one is forced to exclaim, after reading them through, 'Where's the rest of them?' as one would say, when his servant brings him his coffee and bread for breakfast, 'Where are the eggs and the meat?' One great objection to these suggestions is that, while they debar the disloyal men of the South from privileges, they turn over the entire State government to the control of these men, without any provision for those who aided the government during the war, and have been loyal all through. Where in the propositions do we find the protection for the rights of those men who have been faithful and have fought side by side with us? When we gave the musket to the colored man, we promised in the presence of high Heaven to give him the ballot. Every man has a right, because he is a man, to be equal to any other man, if he can. No law can affect this. We have no right to enact a law that will interfere with the right of any man to become equal with another, provided his moral, physical, and intellectual qualifications will admit of equality. ..... We read that when the prodigal son returned, the fatted calf was killed; but we do not read that all the veal was given to the runaway. (Applause and laughter.) ..... It is not pleasant to see the softening with which the committee of Congress speak of 'no compensation for involuntary labor.' Why not thunder it to high Heaven—why tone it down—that there shall be no compensation paid for emancipated slaves? (Applause.) Then let us put the right words into the Constitution when it is amended, so that hereafter the democratic government of the United States shall recognize no property in man." (Applause.)

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE annual NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston at the MELODEON on Wednesday, May 30th, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

Among the speakers engaged to attend are WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES LENOX REMOND, Rev. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, THEODORE TILTON and PARKER PILLSBURY.

The great interests involved in the present political crisis call for a full attendance and full expression of opinions from all the friends of human rights and reform on this occasion. By order of the managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

JOHN T. SARGENT, Pres.
CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, Rec. Sec.

AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

THERE will be a meeting of the American Equal Rights Association on Thursday, the 31st inst., at ten o'clock in the morning, in the Melodeon in Boston.

This Association is an outgrowth, or wider development, of the National Woman's Rights Society, into which that body resolved itself at its recent Annual Meeting in New York, electing Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT President, Mrs. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, ROBERT PURVIS, THEODORE TILTON, and others, Vice-Presidents, and SUSAN B. ANTHONY Secretary.

Its object now is, "to secure Equal Rights to all persons, especially the Right of Suffrage; irrespective of race, color or sex."

The meeting will be addressed by PARKER PILLSBURY, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, WENDELL PHILLIPS, CAROLINE H. DALL, Rev. OLYMPIA BROWN, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and others.

LUCRETIA MOTT, President.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Secretary.

Special Notices.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD,

VOL. XXVII. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

AARON M. POWELL, EDITOR.

THE STANDARD is the organ of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, and will advocate entire freedom and immediate enfranchisement for the colored race, as the demand of justice and the sole basis of a sound national policy.

Eminent writers will contribute weekly to its columns, and the Editor is permitted to announce

WENDELL PHILLIPS

as a Special Editorial Contributor. Full reports will also be published of the Addresses of MR. PHILLIPS, revised and corrected by himself.

THE STANDARD will review with entire independence the more important publications of the day, and will supply every week a summary of literary information, and art items. While a large portion of the paper will be filled with original articles, it will also present to its readers a careful selection from current literature, a personal column, and the most interesting details of foreign and domestic news. It is intended that, without forgetting its main object as an Anti-Slavery paper, THE STANDARD shall be carefully and thoroughly edited in all its other departments, and be welcomed by all classes of readers.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, One Year,	$3 00
Ten Copies to one Address, each,	2 50
Twenty Copies, each,	2 00

A limited number of Advertisements will be received at the following rates:

One line, first insertion,	15 cents.
" each subsequent insertion,	10 "
" one month,	40 "
" three months,	$1 00
" one year,	3 00

Miscellaneous Department.

SIR RALPH'S HERIOT.

A LANCASHIRE TRADITION.

From Every Saturday.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, or, as it appears in ancient chronicles, "*Ashton-sub-Lima*," is a market town on the north bank of the Tame, Lancashire, about six or seven miles from Manchester. It is well laid out, well built, and thriving. It is admirably adapted, by its situation, both for the purposes of trade and manufacture. It is the centre of a populous neighborhood, has an unlimited supply of coal, and railway communication with all parts of England.

In the "good old times"—that far-off period which so many people talk and read about with pleasure, but to which so few, if any, would like to return—Ashton was the seat of the Ashton, or Assheton family. A Sir John Assheton, in the fifth year of the Sixth Henry, became possessed of the Manor of Assheton on payment of one penny annually. This worthy knight is said to have built the old church, and to have been the first to introduce seats for the common people. With a gallantry which adds fresh lustre to his spurs, the number of these seats being limited, they were given exclusively to the women—the tenants' wives and daughters.

Sir John was succeeded by his son Sir Ralph, who earned for himself the unenviable title of the Black Knight. It is supposed that the annual ceremony observed at Ashton on Easter Monday, of "Riding the Black Lad," simply commemorates the popular odium in which Sir Ralph was held; this custom bearing a close resemblance to the "Guy Fawkes" proceeding of November the 5th.

Sir Ralph was feared and hated by his tenantry. He was permitted, by royal letters patent, to execute supreme jurisdiction, and he misused his trust.

One of the most oppressive forms of taxation, originating in the feudal age, but perpetuated long afterwards, was the custom of *heriotship*. This was neither more nor less than a fine for dying. A certain claim could be, and was, made by the lord of the manor on the property of the deceased tenant, and it fell with great severity on widows in humble circumstances. Death laid low the breadwinner, and the landlord stepped in to take away the best part of the scanty store the dead man might have scraped together.

There was, so says tradition, a poor widow near Ashton. Her husband had held his little farm under Sir Ralph Ashton, one of the most rapacious and cruel of men. The character borne by Sir Ralph was worthy of the old doggerel which set forth public opinion with regard to him:

> "O Jesu! for thy mercy's sake,
> And for thy bitter passion,
> Save us from the axe of the Tower,
> And from Sir Ralph of Ashton!"

He spared neither age nor sex; he had no pity for the sick or the dying; he showed no mercy to the widow and the orphan; wherever his shadow fell, trouble came; wherever his voice was heard, weeping and wailing were not far off. When Sir Ralph heard that his tenant was dead, he sent an imperative order, commanding that the herict should be paid without delay. Now the widow had nothing with which she could satisfy his claim except one cow, and the cow was the chief sustenance of her family. The widow had four children to feed; one of them, an infant not many weeks old, the eldest an idiot boy, harmless, but useless, strong and active, and about fourteen years old. This poor lad, tenderly beloved of his mother, was to her more trouble than all the rest—not that he would willingly have pained her, but his strange, wild ways perplexed her, and she feared, whenever he was out of her sight, that he would come to harm.

It was a sad scene which the widow's home presented on the Christmas morning of 1484. Sharp, cold weather—weather unusually severe, the country for miles around covered with snow; the rivers and streams bound in ice fetters; the bleak wind sweeping and moaning through the forest and over the waste, as if it were chanting a Lenten dirge rather than singing a Yule carol. Cold outside the miserable home of the poor widow, and colder within, she and her children had taken a little milk and eaten a little porridge, and they sat huddled together over a few red embers on the hearth. The idiot boy was singing softly to himself, and winking his horny eyes at the fire; the other children were all unwittingly making their sorrowful mother still sadder. "Was it not Christmas? then why not have holly like they did last year.—eh, mother? Why not have a Christmas fire; we *should* like Christmas fire, mother? And how long will it be before father comes home, and shall we have Christmas fire to-day, and see the holly, and sing as we sang last Yule-tide?" The cow lowed from her crib, separated only from the family by a slight partition, and the sound the poor beast made only served to deepen the misery of its poor mistress. The Black Knight of Ashton claimed the cow for his heriot, and if he took her there was only death for them.

Suddenly the door, which had been closed, was flung open, and Sir Ralph Ashton looked in,—a tall, squarely built man, with sinewy limbs, and a great quantity of dark hair on head, and lips, and cheeks, and chin. His eyes glowed like fire, and there was a scowl on his face that betokened a storm.

Harsh, hard, fierce, and cruel were his words. He had himself come to claim his own, and he would have it; the heriot was his, the cow was his, none should deprive him of his rights. Mercy! it was not in his bond. Leniency, delay! nothing was said of either in his feudal charter. Charity, for the sake of Him whose feast they kept that day! Sir Ralph laughed his own harsh laugh, and said he had no time for fooling. So a couple of fellows who had accompanied Sir Ralph drove out the poor beast from the shed, and the knight, with a threat of expelling the family from their miserable hut, turned to depart. It was the idiot who stopped him:

"Beest thou our liege lord?"

"Ay, fool; what hast thy pert tongue to say to that?"

"The liege lord will die, mother,—will he die?"

"Hush, boy, hush!" said the widow.

"Nay, let the brat speak out. What of it, boy; what if I should die?"

"Then thy liege lord will claim heriot."

"And who may be he?"

"Old Hornie—Beelzebub!"

"And what heriot should I pay to him?" roared the knight, half angry, half amused.

"Thy soul."

"And thy body shall smart for it, imbecile!"

"Oh, ha' pity, ha' pity—the lad's daft!" and the widow threw herself before the knight, who roughly spurned her with his foot.

"Enough of this. All of you shall suffer for this. There; no whimpering." He strode away across the snow, and never once looked back.

* * * * * *

There were strange doings that night at Ashton Hall. It was rough weather—snowing hard and freezing hard; but the company was still numerous; for, when the lord of Ashton dispensed his good cheer, woe to those tenants who slighted his hospitality! A huge fire was kindled on the broad hearth, but it gave forth no bright and cheerful light; it sputtered, and could not be made to blaze. The air was damp and chilly; the wassail seemed to have lost its flavor, and the Christmas plants looked shrivelled on the walls. The guests spoke in low whispers, and affected the fire rather than engage in any merry-making sports; the minstrels, in their little oaken gallery, rubbed their benumbed hands, and felt oppressed. There was good cheer; there were mummers in quaint devices of all sorts, hobby-horses, and what not; but there was no mirth.

About six in the afternoon, Sir Ralph came into the hall, and glanced angrily round upon his guests, and his indignation broke out in a storm of reproach. Was his bounty to be churlishly received by his own hinds? Had John the Slater, and Roger the Miller, and Jack the Woodman, and Hobbe o' the Leghes, come there to a feast or a funeral? Were blind man's buff, hot cockles, and bob-apple too poor sports for these gentry? Was not the Christmas pie large enough for good enough for their tastes? By his halidome, it should go hard but he would teach them better manners.

While the angry knight was thus addressing his guests—guests who stood appalled before him—one of the mummers, a little fellow, clad in black, with a mask having horns, and besides, a long tail with a fluke to it, cautiously crept out of the group, and stealing unperceived behind the angry host, seized him by his cloak, and tripped him on the floor. Sir Ralph had never in his whole life been so humiliated. Every face about him turned white at the spectacle. He regained his feet in an instant, and catching up a stout oaken cudgel, dealt about him no weak hand. The guests flew before him in dismay, and were chased round and round the hall in the utmost confusion. Some fell, some escaped into the open air; but the black mummer neither fell nor fled. He was, or rather seemed to be, everywhere at once. He was safely in a corner one moment, and Sir Ralph was making sure of him, when out and away was he, dexterously diving and running between the knight's legs, perhaps upsetting him, perhaps, for an instant, leaping on his back—here, there, everywhere, making the hall ring with his shrill laughter.

At last, no more than a dozen of the guests remained, with the exception of those who were hurt, and lay groaning on the floor. Sir Ralph paused to take breath, and look about him. There in the music gallery, with his legs hanging over the front, sat the black mummer, swaying his body to and fro, and laughing as if he was a witness of the drollest affair he had ever seen in his life.

"Pull down the rogue," called out Sir Ralph. "Guard the stair. Some of you seize him. By the Rood he shall pay for his sport!" The figure leaped from the gallery, and stood face to face with the knight. Sir Ralph raised his cudgel, and aimed a stout blow, but the knave avoided it. Again Sir Ralph strove to strike, with the same result. Then, in a shrill voice, heard distinctly over the hall, the black figure cried:

"The heriot! the heriot! Sir Ralph, I came to tell thee thy liege lord would take his heriot at Easter." And, with these words and a diabolical laugh, the figure vanished.

Sir Ralph hastily quitted the hall. He was troubled. Hurriedly he sent for his priest. What passed between them is unknown. Next morning the widow's cow was returned to her; in the course of the day assistance was sent to her from Sir Ralph's almonry. He became charitable. He was attentive to his religious duties. He forbade any allusion to what had occurred on Christmas night; but, as the year advanced, he was noticed to change in other respects: he became weak, the rigorous fast of Lent told on him, and at Easter he died.

Such is the popular tradition of the Black Knight of Ashton. It is related by various authorities with different embellishments, and its explanation is sometimes supernatural, and occasionally the reverse. Who was the strange visitor—the black mummer, with his quaint antics and dreadful message? The Evil One, say some; a "Boggart," full of mischief, say others; only a few incline to the opinion which to us appears the most probable, namely, that the mummer was no other than the idiot boy—witless enough, but not so "daft" as to be incapable of the concoction and execution of an ingenius trick—mad enough, doubtless, but with "method in his madness."

ATOMS.

WE would be as gods, knowing all things; and the child is father to the man. The boy breaks up his most ingenious toys, to surprise the secrets hidden within; the man dissects, analyzes, probes all nature, to discover the ultimate qualities and causes of everything. It is quite an error to suppose that curiosity is a passion to which the fair sex is peculiarly propense. Tell either man or boy that there is a thing he cannot do, a place he cannot visit, a fact he cannot ascertain, and no rest is his until he has effected the thing, reached the spot, tested the circumstance. From what else should arise the strong attraction which the transmutation of metals, the top of Mount Cervin, the constitution of matter, exercises on multitudes?

Respecting the latter subject of inquiry, modern science has drawn up for itself a creed which is almost as precise as a treatise on arithmetic. Whether future philosophers will modify those notions it remains for a future period to show. There seems at present every probability that we have really hit upon the truth.

Matter is known to us under three forms: solid, liquid, and gaseous. The ethereal modification of matter (the attenuated ether which fills the interplanetary and intersidereal spaces) we do not *know*, but only infer, suppose, and guess at. But, as Professor Tyndall quietly observes, there is no more difficulty in conceiving this *ether*, as it is called, which fills space, than in imagining all space filled with jelly.

All matter, of whatever form, is believed to be made up of atoms. Gases we can easily conceive to consist of independent particles which repel each other; liquids to be made up of minute molecules, behaving, when poured out, like grains of wheat or sand, still held together by a slight attraction; but there is much greater difficulty in granting solid bodies to be collections, groups, or aggregates of atoms not in actual contact with each other.

Solid bodies especially, therefore, have long puzzled people who have considered them with careful attention. They expand, and they contract. How? It may be by the expansion and contraction of their constituent parts. But what are their constituent parts? They cannot be anything else than atoms of inconceivable littleness. According to many philosophers, group atoms together, and you have a molecule; but, in common parlance, atoms and molecules may be regarded as synonymous. Combine molecules in sufficient quantity, and you produce a particle,—a portion of matter of form and size appreciable by the human eye.

Matter is similar in its nature, throughout the solar system at least. Spectral analysis has shown that minerals, found on earth, are also contained in the sun and the planets, not to mention diverse and sundry fixed stars. The same fact is proved by the examination of bodies, or shooting stars.

A bolide is a planet in miniature: a small mass of matter, revolving round the sun in a longer or shorter elliptical orbit, obeying the same laws and governed by the same forces as the greater planets. Now, suppose the orbit described by a bolide to cross the orbit of the earth, exactly as one road crosses another; and, moreover, that the two travellers reach the point of junction or crossing at the very same time. A collision is the inevitable consequence. The bolide, which, in respect to size, is no more than a pebble thrown against a railway train, will strike the earth without her inhabitants experiencing, generally, the slightest shock. If individuals happen to be hit, the case will be different. If the earth arrive there a little before or after the bolide, but at a relative trifling distance, she will attract it, cause it to quit its own orbit, dragging it after her, an obedient slave, to revolve around her until it falls to her surface. Or it may happen that the bolide may pass too far away for the earth to drag it into her clutches, and yet near enough to make it swerve from its course. It may even enter our atmosphere, and yet make its escape. But, in the case of its entering the atmosphere, its friction against the air will cause it to become luminous and hot, perhaps determining an explosion. Such are the meteors whose appearance at enormous heights our newspapers record from time to time.

Be it remarked that bodies are true planets, and not projectiles shot out from mountains in the moon, as has been conjectured. A projectile coming from the moon would reach the earth with a velocity of about seven miles per second. But the most sluggish bolide travels at the rate of nearly nineteen miles per second, fast-goers doing their six-and-thirty miles in the same short space of time. None of the inferior planets travel so rapidly as that. Mercury, the swiftest of them all, gets over only thirty miles per second. Mr. Tyndall states that this enormous speed is certainly competent to produce the effects ascribed to it.

When a bolide, then, glances sufficiently close to our earth to pass through our atmosphere, the resulting friction makes its surface red hot, and so renders it visible to us. The sudden rise of temperature modifies its structure. The unequal expansion causes it to explode with a report which is audible. If the entire mass does not burst, it at least throws off splinters and fragments. The effect is the same as that produced by pouring boiling water upon glass. The fragments, falling to the ground, are aerolites. It is needless here to cite instances of their falling. They are of universal notoriety. Aerolites have no new substance to offer us. If the earth, therefore, be made up of atoms, we may conclude that the universe is made up of atoms.

In imagining the ultimate composition of a solid body, we have to reconcile two apparently contradictory conditions. It is an assemblage of atoms which does not touch each other—for we are obliged to admit intermolecular spaces—and yet those atoms are held together in clusters by so strong a force of cohesion as to give to the whole the qualities of a solid. This would be the case even with a solid undergoing no change of size or internal constitution. But solids *do* change, under pressure, impact, heat, and cold. Their constituent atoms are, consequently *not* at rest. Mr. Grove tells us: "Of absolute rest, Nature gives us no evidence. All matter, as far as we can ascertain, is ever in movement, not merely in masses, as with the planetary spheres, but also molecularly, or throughout its most intimate structure. Thus, every alteration of temperature produces a molecular change throughout the whole substance heated or cooled. Slow chemical or electrical actions, actions of light or invisible radiant forces, are always at play; so that, as a fact, we cannot predicate of any portion of matter, that it is absolutely at rest."

The atoms, therefore, of which solid bodies consist are supposed to vibrate, to oscillate, or, better, to revolve, like the planets, in more or less eccentric orbits. Suppose a solid body to be represented by a swarm of gnats dancing in the sunshine. Each gnat, or atom, dances up and down, at a certain distance from each other; that, within a given limited space. The path of the dance is not a mere straight line, but a vertical oval—a true orbit. Suppose, then, that in consequence of greater sun heat, the gnats become more active, and extend each its respective sweep of flight. The swarm, or solid body, as a whole, expands. If, from a chill or the shadow of a cloud, the insect's individual range is less extensive, the crowd of gnats is necessarily denser, and the swarm, in its integrity, contracts.

Tyndall takes for his illustration a bullet revolving at the end of a spiral spring. He had spoken of the *vibration* of the molecules of a solid as causing its expansion; but he remarks that, by some, the molecules have been thought to *revolve* round each other; and the communication of heat, by augmenting their centrifugal force, was supposed to push them more widely asunder. So he twirls the weight, at the end of the spring, in the open air. It tends to fly away; the spring stretches to a certain extent; and as the speed of revolution is augmented, the spring stretches still more, the distance between his hand and the weight being thus increased. The spring rudely figures the force of cohesion, while the ball represents an atom under the influence of heat.

The intellect, he truly says, knows no difference between great and small. It is just as easy, as an intellectual act, to picture a vibration or revolving atom as to picture a vibrating or revolving cannon-ball. These motions, however, are executed within limits too minute, and the moving particles are too small to be visible. Here the imagination must help us. In the case of solid bodies, you must conceive a power of vibration, within certain limits, to be possessed by the molecules. You must suppose them oscillating to and fro; the greater the amount of heat we impart to the body, the more rapid will be the molecular vibration, and the wider the amplitude of atomic oscillations.

It is held that all matter differs only in the grouping of its elements—in the juxtaposition of its molecules. That juxtaposition depends on the temperature, and the speed with which changes of temperature have taken place. The mode and manner of those changes are so many causes of the transformation of matter—so many origins of divers substances. It is maintained that, in the actual state of science, bodies differ only by the clustering of their atoms, exactly as the constellations of the sky differ through the arrangement of their stars.

Take a bird's eye view, from the car of a balloon, of four or five towns, at a considerable altitude. They will differ but very slightly in aspect; they are simply towns. From a point of view nearer to the earth, their distinctive characters will be visible; showing themselves in the disposition of the houses, the topography of the streets, and the distribution of the public walks. Such is the case with a mineral or any other substance whatever. Accordingly, as natural forces have laid out, on this or that plan, the walks, streets, and houses of our little molecular cities, they strike you with a different impression. The one depends on the will of the architect, the other on the action of the predominant force.

WAX, for instance, is cited by our great lecturer as *expanding*, in passing from the solid to the liquid state. To assume the liquid form, its particles must be pushed more widely apart, a certain play between them being necessary to the condition of liquidity. Ice, on the contrary, on liquefying, *contracts*. In the arrangement of its atoms to form a solid, more room is required than those atoms need in the neighboring liquid state. No doubt this is due to crystalline arrangement. The attracting poles of the molecules are so situated, that, when the crystallizing force comes into play, the molecules unite, so as to leave larger interatomic spaces in the mass. We may suppose them to attach themselves by their corners; and, in turning corner to corner, to cause a recession of the atomic centres. At all events, their centres retreat from each other when solidification sets in.

The atoms of bodies must be regarded as all but infinitely small; the necessary consequence of which is, that they must be all but infinitely numerous. A learned Frenchman, Monsieur A. Gaudin, calculator at the Bureau des Longitudes, has lately estimated, by a very ingenious process, the distances which separate molecules and their component atoms, and their number. The result he obtains is, that, if you set about counting the atoms contained in a little cube of solid matter two millimetres high, that is, about the size of a pin's head, and that you counted *a billion of them per second*, it would take you about two hundred and fifty thousand years to complete the task! Consequently, although the increase of the diameter of a revolving atom's orbit by the communication of heat is insensible, the sum of an almost infinite number of increased orbits becomes perfectly sensible.

Comparing the infinitely small with the infinitely great, it is held that a body, of what kind soever, represents in miniature, and very exactly, an astronomical system, like those which, weather permitting, we behold every night in the firmament.

Astronomers are perfectly aware that the earth is only a molecule amidst the innumerable stars which constitute the Milky Way. But a body, never mind what—take wood, gold, or diamond, to have a clear idea—is nothing more than a heap of molecular constellations diversely grouped. From the extreme of vastness to the extreme of minuteness, the analysis holds good throughout. Although our eye is not framed to perceive in all their details these infinitely small stars and systems of stars, other creatures, as for example insects, whose vision is differently constituted to ours, may possibly—although not probably—be able to see some of them.

One thing, however, appears certain; if we could construct a microscope of sufficient power, we should be able, by the help of such an instrument, to resolve the molecular constellations of every little terrestrial milky way, exactly as our first-rate telescopes resolve the celestial nebulæ and separate double and triple stars. It is a mere question of visual power. Were our sight sufficiently penetrating, we should behold what now appear mere confused heaps of matter, arranged in groups of admirable symmetry. Bodies would appear honeycombed in all directions. Daylight would stream through vast interstices, as it does between the columns of a temple or the tree-trunks of a forest. Nay, we should see immense empty spaces, like those which intervene between the planets.

From distance to distance, too, we should perceive clusters of stars in harmonious order, each surrounded by its own proper atmosphere; and, —still more astounding spectacle!—every one of those little molecular stars would be found revolving with giddy rapidity, in more or less elongated ovals, exactly like the great stars of heaven; while by increasing the power of our instrument, we should discover around each principal star, minor stars—satellites resembling our moon—accomplishing their revolutions swiftly and regularly. This view of the constitution of matter is aptly described by M. de Parville as molecular astronomy, without our suspecting it, is dependent on mineralogy; and that whenever we shall have discovered the laws which govern the groupings and the movements of the infinitely small, astronomers will have only to follow in our track. But who, a hundred years ago, could dare to imagine that the infinitely small was so infinitely great? What is now believed to be the nearest guess at the truth, appears, at first sight, to be the dream of a madman.

Those who love to indulge in paradox now state that their theory is very simple. For them, the solar system is a solid particle, homogeneous. The planets composing it are molecules which virtually crowd each other, touch, and adhere. The space between them is no more than the interval which separates the atoms of the compactest metal—silver, iron, or platina! Distance, therefore, it is argued, is an empty word; distance, in fact, does not exist. Nevertheless, a man may convince himself that distance, for him, is *not* an empty word, by jumping out of a first-floor window.

The wonder is that these molecular motions, so rapid as to escape human observation, are yet able to impress human senses, to give us pain or pleasure, to help us to live or to cause us to die. And unseizable as atoms are, they can, nevertheless, be counted and weighed. Chemists have determined the relative weights of the atoms of different substances. Calling the weight of a hydrogen atom one, the weight of an oxygen atom is sixteen. Hence, to make up a pound weight of hydrogen, sixteen times the number of atoms contained in a pound of oxygen would be necessary.

What a strange result of the study of atoms! Heat and light, whose origin was inscrutable, or attributed to some mysterious hypothetical fluid, are now traced to their causes. The reader has already been informed that the heat of the sun is attributed to the collision he sustains from a never-ceasing shower of meteors. The heat of terrestial fire is similarly produced. All cases of combustion, Tyndall tells us, are to be ascribed to the collision of atoms which have been urged together by their mutual attractions. It is to the clashing together of the oxygen of the air and the constituents of our gas and candles that the light and heat of our flames are due. It is the impact of the atoms of oxygen against the atoms of sulphur, which produces the heat and flame observed when sulphur is burned in oxygen or in air. To the collision of the same atoms against phosphorus are due the intense heat and dazzling light which result from the combustion of phosphorus in oxygen gas. Whether atoms are concerned, or suns and planets, the theory is equally applicable and true.

When interatomic movements occur under given conditions of mass and velocity, they make an impression on the eye. Their undulations, communicated from one to the other, strike the retina, and in turn set vibrating the atoms of which it is composed. We see; we receive the impression of light. And accordingly as the vibration occur with certain proportional rapidities, they give us the sense of blue, yellow, red, and the other *visible* tints of the rainbow, because there are certainly other tints which are not visible to the human eye, exactly as there are sounds not audible to the human ear. Atoms and their motions are therefore the physical cause of color. Wonderful as it must appear, the length of the waves both of sound and light, and the number of shocks which they respectively impart to the ear and eye, have been strictly determined. The number of waves of red light *which enter the eye in a single second* is 474,439,680,000,000. To produce the impression of red in the brain, the retina must be hit at this almost incredible rate. To produce the impression of violet, a still greater number of impulses is necessary, amounting to six hundred and ninety-nine millions of millions per second.

Thus a thing, an entity, several billions of which can be contained within the point of a needle, is able to give the cattle disease, hydrophobia, or the plague; or to gratify you with the perfume of a rose, the flavor of a peach, the warmth of sunshine, the delights of music. Are atoms, then, to be despised and disregarded, being components of ourselves and of everything around us?

Despised! Their force is gigantic, irresistible—rending iron, riving rocks, upheaving mountains, and, if fully set in action, consuming the world with fervent heat.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE state of Coleridge's mind when he wrote his fragments of Kubla Khan must have nearly resembled that of any reasonably excitable person during a first visit to Cairo. Just a degree too vivid to be a natural dream; many degrees too beautiful and wonderful to be an ordinary daylight vision, the rich dim courts, the glorious mosques, the marble fountains, the showers of Southern sunlight poured on stately palm-tree and slow-moving camel, and shifting, many-hued crowd,—all form together a scene such as no sight in the world may parallel for strangeness and splendor. One day spent in roaming aimlessly through the bazaars, and the gardens, and the mosques of Hassan and the Gama Tayloon, does more to reveal to us what Eastern life means—what is the background of each Eastern story, the indescribable atmosphere which pervades all Eastern literature—than could be gained by years of study.

At least, I can speak from experience that it was such a revelation to me, and one so immeasurably delightful that, having performed the long journey to Egypt mainly with the thought of the attractions of the ruins of Thebes and Memphis, Karnak and Philæ, I waited patiently for a fortnight within sight of the Pyramids without attempting to visit them, satisfied with the endless interest of the living town. At last the day came when the curiosity of some quarter of a century (since that epoch in a child's life, the reading of Belzoni) could no longer be deferred. I had a *concern*, as good folks say, to visit Cheops that particular morning, and to Cheops I went, mounted on the inevitable donkey, and accompanied by a choice specimen of that genus of scamp, the Cairene donkey-boy. Unluckily I had overnight ordered my dragoman to wait in Cairo for certain expected mails, and bring them to me in Old Cairo whenever they might arrive; and of course the order involved my loss of his services for the entire day, spent by him, no doubt, with my letters in his pocket, at a coffee-shop. Thus it happened that my little expedition wanted all guidance or assistance,—such acquaintances as I possessed in Cairo being otherwise occupied on that particular morning, and not even knowing of my intention.

Arrived at the ferry of the Nile, just above the Isle of Rhoda, it was with considerable satisfaction that I found a party of pleasant English ladies and gentlemen also proceeding to the Pyramids. Their time, however, was limited by the departure of the Overland Mail that day, and of course they could make no delay—as they seemed kindly disposed to do—to keep up with me and my wretched donkey, or rather donkey-boy.

If there be an aggravating incident in this very trying world, it is assuredly that of being mounted on a non-progressive donkey, unarmed with any available whip, stick, spur, or other instrument of cruelty, and wholly at the mercy of a treacherous conductor, who pretends to belabor your beast, and only makes him kick, and keeps you behind your party, when you have every reason in the world to wish to retain your place in it. Only one thing is worse, a mule which carries you through a whole day of weary Alpine climbing, just too far from all your friends to exchange more than a scream at intervals. If there chance on such an excursion to be ten pleasant people of your party, and one unpleasant one, whom you particularly wish neither to follow nor seem to follow, it is inevitably that particular objectionable person whose mule your mule will go after, and press past every one else to get at, and drag your arm out of its socket if you try to turn it back, and finally make you wish that an avalanche would fall and bury you and the demon-brute you have got under you in the abyss forever. On horse-back you are a lord (or lady) of creation, with the lower animal subject unto you. On mule-back, or ass-back, you are a bale of goods, borne with contumely at the will of the vilest of beasts,—not where you please, but where, when, and how, *it* pleases.

To return to my expedition to the Pyramids. Very soon the English party were out of sight, and slowly and wearily I was led a zigzag course through fields of young growing corn, and palm-groves, and past the poor mud villages of the Fellah-Arabs. Mud, indeed, occupies in Egypt an amazing prominence in every view. Mud hovels, mud fields, where the rank vegetation is only beginning to spring through the deposit of the inundation, mud-dams across a thousand channels and ditches, and finally the vast yellow mud-banks of the mighty Nile. If man were first created in Egypt, it is small marvel that his bodily force should be a "muddy vesture of decay." In the course of my pilgrimage on this particular day my donkey-boy cleverly guided me into a sort of peninsula of mud, out of which there was no exit (short of returning on our steps) save by crossing a stream of some three or four feet deep. As usual in Egypt, two or three brown Arabs arose immediately when wanted, from the break of rushes, and volunteered to carry me across on their shoulders, their backshish, of course, being divided with the ingenious youth who had brought me into the trap. What it costs to the olfactory organs to be carried by Fellah-Arabs, language altogether fails to describe.

At last the troubles of the way were over; the sands of the Desert were reached, and the stupendous cluster of edifices, the three Pyramids of Ghizeh, the Sphinx, the Cyclopean Temple, and the splendid tombs, were before me and around. For miles off, in the clear air of Egypt, where there is literally no aerial perspective, I had been able to distinguish the ranges of stones which constitute the exterior of all the Pyramids, save the small portions of the second and third still covered with their original coating. It was hardly, as Longfellow says:

> "The mighty pyramids of stone,
> That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
> When nearer seen and better known
> Are but gigantic flights of stairs."

Almost as soon as they come within the range of vision they are seen with their serrated edges and the horizontal lines of the deep steps, marked sharply with the intense shadows of the South.

Of all these ruins of Ghizeh—these earliest and mightiest of the records of our race—the one by far the most affecting and impressive, is assuredly the Sphinx. A human face, nay, an intensely human face, a portrait full of individuality even in its solemnity and colossal grandeur,—gazes at us with the stony eyes before which have passed Hebrew prophet and Greek philosopher, and Roman conqueror, and Arab khalif. Had Napoleon the Great, told his troops that sixty centuries looked on them through the Sphinx's eyes, he would have used no unmeaning metaphor. Even the very ruin and disgrace of the mighty countenance seems to render it more affecting. Half immeasurably sublime, half pitiful, nay, grotesque, in its desolation, it stands, with its brows calmly upturned to heaven, and a somewhat one might almost deem a ruddy flush upon its cheek, but with every feature worn and marred since it has stood there, a stony St. Sebastian, bearing through the ages the shafts and insults of sun and storm.

I must not pause to muse over the Sphinx, nor yet to describe the gradual revelation which comes to the traveller of the enormous magnitude of the Pyramid, as he slowly wades at its foot through the heavy sand, and perceives when he has walked thrice as far as it seemed he need have done, he has but reached the half of the base.

The English party, who had outridden me, were concluding their luncheon as I reached the Pyramid, and after declining their cordial offers to share it, I asked one of the ladies, "Had she visited the interior and Cheops' chamber?" "No. Some of the ladies and gentlemen had done so. The Arabs were a wild set of men, and she did not like to put herself in their power." Deeming the lady's caution must be over-developed, and too intensely interested to make very serious reflections on what I was doing, I engaged the Scheik at the door of the Pyramid to provide me with proper guides so soon as the English party had ridden away.

Five strong Fellah-Arabs volunteered for the service, in spite of my remark that three were enough, and we were soon plunged into the darkness of the first entrance-passage. All the world knows how the Pyramid is constructed; a solid mass of huge stones, all so perfectly fitted that scarcely a penknife might be introduced in any place between them. The passages at the widest, scarcely permit of two persons going abreast, and are for long distances so low as to compel the visitor to stoop almost double. The angle at which these passages slope upwards is also one which, on the slippery, well-worn floor, renders progress difficult as on the ice of an Alpine mountain. But oh! how different from the keen, pure air, the wide horizon, the glittering sunlight of the Alps, this dark, suffocating cavern, where the dust, and lights, and breath of heated men, make an atmosphere scarcely to be breathed, and where the sentiments of awe and horror almost paralyze the pulse. Perhaps my special fancy made me then, as ever since, find a cave, subterranean passage, or tunnel, unreasonably trying to the nerves; but so it was,—the awe of the place well-nigh overpowered me.

The Arab guides helped me easily in their well-known way. One or two carried the candles, and all joined in a sort of song at which I could not help laughing, in spite of both awe and lack of breath. It seemed to be a chant of mingled Arabic and English (a language they all spoke after a fashion), the English words being apparently a continual repetition:

> "Vera goot lady, backshish, backshish;
> Vera goot lady, give us backshish;"

and so on *da capo*. Twice we had to rest on our way from sheer exhaustion, and on one occasion, where there is a break in the continuity of the passage, there was an ascent into a hole high up in the wall by no means easy to accomplish.

At last, after what seemed an hour, and I suppose was about fifteen minutes, since we left the sunshine, we stood in Cheops' burial-vault, the centre chamber of the Great Pyramid. As my readers know, it is a small oblong chamber, of course wholly without light or ventilation, with plain stone floor, walls, and roof, and with the huge stone sarcophagus (which once held the mummy of Cheops, but is now perfectly empty) standing at one end. The interest of the spot would alone have repaid a journey from England; but I was left small time to enjoy it. Suddenly I was startled to observe that my guides had stopped their song and changed their obsequious voices, and were all five standing bolt upright against the walls of the vault.

"It is the custom," said one of them, "for whoever comes here to give us backshish."

I reflected in a moment that they had seen me foolishly transfer my purse from the pocket of my riding-skirt to the walking-dress I wore under it, and which I had alone retained on entering the Pyramid.

"Well," I said, as coolly as I was able, "I intend, of course, to give you 'backshish' for your trouble, and if you choose to be paid here instead of at the door, it is all the same to me. I shall give three shillings English (a favorite coin in Cairo), as I said I only wanted three men.

"Three shillings are not enough. We want backshish!"

"There they are. They are quite enough."

"Not enough! We want backshish!"

I must here confess that things looked rather black. The Fellahs stood like so many statues of Osiris (even at the moment I could not help thinking of it), with their backs against the wall and their arms crossed on their breasts, as if they held the *flagellum* and *crux ansata*. Their leader spoke in a calm, dogged sort of way, to which they all responded like echoes.

"Well," I said, "as there are five of you, and I am rather heavy, I will give you one shilling more. There it is. Now you will get no more." Saying this I gave the man the fourth shilling, and then returned my purse to my pocket.

"This won't do. We want backshish!"

"It must do. You will get no more backshish!"

"It won't do. We want backshish!"

Each moment the men's voices grew more resolute, and I must avow that horror seized me at the thought that they had nothing to do but merely to go out and leave me there in the solitude and darkness, and I should go mad from terror. Not a creature in Cairo even knew where I was gone. I should not be missed or sought for for days, and there I was unarmed, and alone, with these five savages, whose caprice or resentment might make them rush off in a moment, leaving me to despair. Luckily I knew well it would be fatal to betray any alarm; so I spoke as lightly as I could, and laughed a little, but uncomfortably.

"Come, come. You will have no more backshish, you know very well; and if you bully me, you will have *stick* from the English Consul. Come, I've seen enough. Let us go out."

"We want backshish!" said all five of the villains in one loud voice.

It was a crisis, and I believe if I had wavered a moment I might never have got away; but the extremity, of course, aided one's resolution, and I suddenly spoke out, angrily and peremptorily:

"I'll have no more of this. *You* follow there, take the light and go out. *You* give me your hand. Come along, all of you."

It was a miracle; to my own comprehension, at all events. They one and all suddenly slunk down like so many scolded dogs, and without another syllable did as I ordered them. The slave habit of mind doubtless resumed its usual sway with them the moment that one of free race asserted a claim of command. Any way, it was a simple fact that five Arabs yielded to a single Anglo-Saxon woman, who was herself quite as much surprised as they could be at the phenomenon.

O, how I rejoiced when the square of azure sky appeared at the end of the last of the passages, and when I at last emerged safe and *sane* out of the Great Pyramid! Dante, ascending out of the Inferno, "a riveder le stelle," could not have been half so thankful. Away I rode, home to Old Cairo on my donkey, and could spare a real laugh under the sunshine, when I found that the wretched old Arab Scheik with whom I had left my riding-skirt, had quietly devoured my intended luncheon of dates, and then carefully replaced the *stones* in my pocket!—*Every Saturday.*

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE.—On Tuesday morning Cambridge House was besieged by a host of furniture dealers, brokers and others, attracted by the report that the goods which were announced to be sold there yesterday, were those of the late Prime Minister. The auctioneer, in his announcement of the intended sale, said that having let the mansion, he would, on Tuesday the 9th ultimo, sell "the well-made furniture and effects of the residence." Everybody supposed that there might be a chance of obtaining a memento of the late statesman, while dealers looked to making considerable sums of money by getting portions of his effects into their possession. The state of affairs, however, seems to be this: that Cambridge House was held by Lady Palmerston in her own right as tenant to Sir John Sutton, who is lord of the manor of Westminster. At the death of the noble viscount, Sir John Sutton accepted a surrender of Lady Palmerston's interest in Cambridge House, and through Mr. Green, the auctioneer, has let it to the Naval and Military Club at £3,000 a year on lease. The property on the premises, and which was sold yesterday, is not, therefore, that of Lord Palmerston, but of Sir John Sutton, and purchasers who fancy that they are possessing themselves of *souvenirs* of the late Premier will be laboring under a delusion. Sir John Sutton, it appears, is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, living in strict seclusion, and it is that circumstance to which the report which prevailed some time ago is attributable, that on the lapsing of Lady Palmerston's lease Sir John Sutton intended making Cambridge House over for a cathedral to be erected to the memory of the late Cardinal Wiseman.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ONE OF LAMB'S JOKES.—Charles Lamb was invited to meet at dinner a new aspirant for poetic honors, and the poems were shown to Lamb a little before the author's arrival. When he came, he proved to be empty and conceited. During dinner Lamb fell into the delightful drollery of saying, now and again, "That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young," and then quoted a line or two, which he recollected, from the gentleman's book, to the latter's amazement and indignation. Lamb, immensely diverted, capped it all by introducing the first lines of Paradise Lost "Of man's first disobedience," as also written by himself, which actually brought the gentleman to his feet bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be taken without protest, but he could not endure to see Milton pillaged.

A LETTER from Florence thus describes the new group by Ball, the Boston sculptor, representing Lincoln emancipating the slaves:

"The idea is beautiful, and it is finely carried out. Lincoln is standing with one hand on the American shield, with the stars and stripes, and the other stretched out over a negro kneeling before him, in a half rising position, his hand-cuffs broken, the liberty-cap upon his head, and an unmistakable expression of joy and hopeful anticipation in his upturned face. Lincoln's homely features are true to life, but refined and idealized by the sublime benignity with which he looks down upon the poor outcast at his feet, whom he has made an equal before man, as well as before God. Lincoln's whole figure is excellent, thoroughly expressive of the unpretending simplicity of the man, and yet clothed with all the dignity which his character and his work have given him. Behind him is the broken whipping-post, beneath him lie the fragments of the whip, both things that were. It is a beautiful group, and one that should be known far and wide in America; indeed, it strikes me that no more fitting subject could be found for Lincoln's monument than this embodiment of the cause for which he died."

A STORY OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL.—Last week a young foreigner, dressed with perfect simplicity